TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

When Edward Farrer left the *Mail* to edit the *Globe* some of the wiseacres thought the people would hold their sides with laughter while reading his Grit articles and remembering his Tory ones. Is it so? He has just begun his work and the leading editorials of the *Globe* show such marked improvement, the tone is so much higher and more impartial, that instead of laughing, the average Grit will exclaim, "Goan, mon, that's well said!" The Conservative or whoever it is who reads the *Mail* should he happen upon the *Globe* will see the strength of what Mr. Farrer writes, and will wonder at it being put so well. What should this teach editors and publishers if not that the man who writes moderately and with a through comprehension of his subject will always find readers and a profitable opportunity of expression. Mr. Farrer is, to some extent—not on trade questions—writing on the opposite side of the question to that he lately occupied, but when matters are discussed in a calm and dignified way, everybody is willing to admit that there are two sides to a question and are not wroth, even if the same man should be spokesman for both.

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The advantage to the *Globe* is that the removal of Mr. Farrer from the *Mail* to the *Globe* excited much comment and everything bringing a daily paper into notice is desirable so long as it is not infamous—even then it is not always unprofitable. Again, the *Globe* and the *Mail* being rivals, the former strengthens itself and weakens its opponent by being able to conjure with a new name. Still further the *Globe* is now stating its case and the policy of its party as it has not been put for years, and brains—a scarce article hitherto on the *Globe* staff—will tell. When I say brains have not been noticeable in the *Globe* columns, I do not mean that men of considerable ability have not been employed, but that editorial direction, more than editorial expression, have been lacking. There was nobody to lead the tune; discord followed and contempt for the orchestra was the result. The party's case is now no stronger than it was, but its presentation is much more able and convincing—misleading I would call it. Robert Jaffray, the exceedingly clever politician who brought about the change, has reason to congratulate himself, and to be congratulated, on the result.

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Of course there is a drop of bitter in the sweet, and that is, it is no longer the *Globe*, but Edward Farrer who is speaking. This phase of it may wound the vanity of the staff and the directorate, but the latter have the comfort of knowing that it is better to be brightened by the reflected light of a clever man than to be made absurd by the vagaries of a discordant band of mediocrities.

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By the way, what writer is taking pains to say a good word of Farrer, for the possession of whose pen two newspaper companies were in such bitter competition? Is it not belittling to our craft that not an editor or correspondent is large-hearted enough to write something so well deserved by his great ability. It shows how small, how narrow we are, how partisan and petty, that talent such as his must be ignored, lest the Grits gain or the Tories lose by a eulogy. He may be a mercenary—are not our preachers, doctors and lawyers the same? How much better are the balance of his journalistic brethren? How many of the party pressmen are sincere? And are they to blame except for being too small to dare to be anything else? There are some of us who are paid to write as we feel, not as a party feels, and we are, perhaps, not to be particularly congratulated on our honesty even though we may be honest. If there is no *bon camaraderie*, no enthusiasm in our craft, no just expression of what we must feel for an able *confrere*, there will never be a journalistic reputation made in Canada and we shall all be losers and our country will not be the gainer. That a reputation can be made in spite of these petty jealousies I know to be true, Edward Farrer knows it to be true, but there are many others less fortunately situated who have had the life crushed out of them by the envy and malevolence of their fellow craftsmen. Who took pains to tell that Fahey of the *World*, now dead, was the brightest paragrapher in Canada; that "Mr. Smiff"—Stuart of the Bobcaygeon *Independent*—was our funniest man; that the little fellow who runs the Pickering *News* was smart enough to be in a bigger place; that Preston of the Winnipeg *Sun*, now of the Brantford *Expositor*, was an all-rounder smart enough to manage the biggest newspaper in Canada; that Tom Gregg of the *News* with his fine literary taste ought to be on a magazine instead of an evening dreadful; that Jack Robinson, editor of the *Telegram*, young and boyish as he looks, can draw blood in fewer words than any daily scribe in town; that Billy Maclean and his brother Jim have made a harder, and in many respects, a more brilliant fight against long odds than any newspaper men in Canada; that Barr of the Lindsay *Post*, with all his cynicism, is a clever fellow and loyal friend; that Gardner of the Hamilton *Times* and Cameron of the *Spectator* are clever, and that the latter might be in a great big city if he were not so modest and afraid that he is not what all the boys on the Canadian press might have told him he is. Take for instance Dewar of the London *Free Press*, Roy Somerville, now of the C.P.R., Aleck Pirie, his successor in the Dundas *Banner*, and a score of others not named because I started out only to mention a few instances, omitting many thoughtlessly—Harry Good of the *Empire* for instance, one of the best sporting editors in America, and Herr Kribs of the same paper—"Pica" of old times—a great big fellow with a big brain and as loyal a heart as ever beat under a human rib—they are worthy of a high place. Look at the newspaper fellows who are in Parliament and do not need to be called to mind. Did they ever get a word of help from the press except as a personal or party favor? I do not believe in mutual admiration societies, but I hate to see our own fellows so careless—this is their chief fault—of those who are plowing in stumpy fields and doing good work. "The ones you mention are all doing well," you say, certainly, but no thanks to us. Johnny Bengough is doing well; his cartoons are as good and often better than those in *Puck* and *Judge* though not displayed in colors, but who boosts him, as white a man and kindly a little gentleman as there is on earth! In election times the papers quote his cartoons when they suit party purposes and abuse him when they don't. It is not envy which keeps us quiet because there is only one Bengough and only one *Grip*; it is not part of our system to help one another even when we can without hurting ourselves. Take Phillips Thompson with the pen of a revolutionist and the heart of a gentle, loving woman, who cares what becomes of him though as "Jimuel Briggs" he made all Canada laugh and as a writer of pure English he is not second to Goldwin Smith. John Charles Dent died without more than a passing notice, though he knew more about books than any five men in Canada. Take our Canadian poets, they sing in foreign magazines and are unheard of at home. Frechette, Roberts, Lampman, Campbell and many others belong to this list. Brethren of the press, we deplore the dearth of Canadian literature, are we not partly to blame? Are we helping one another over the rough places and making for those who deserve it, a place in public appreciation.

CONFIDENCES.

It is a sort of a compliment to be confided in, but it brings a terribly long train of woes when someone, impelled to talk to some fellow beings, selects you as the repository of a misery. Every once in a while I, for some reason or other, am chosen as a confidant. It is not a position I seek, for I have troubles enough of my own, but it is not one I can reject. Everyone who is in trouble is our neighbor, and if nothing more valuable than advice is asked we would be mean indeed to refuse it. In the present instance it is the old "happiness" question again. As I am not revealing her identity, I shall permit myself the liberty of stating that this particular individual brought her misery to me in person. She was unhappy and she looked it. She said she was heart-broken and her worn face and dejected figure were circumstantial evidence which could not be argued away. What was the trouble? Her husband did not love her. Poor thing, I felt sorry for her, yet I didn't wonder!

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I tried to think of some sort of a man who would love her if he could help it. Then I struggled to imagine one who couldn't help it! Love is said to be blind, but its failure of vision is spasmodic not chronic. There may be men who can never see the faults of the woman they love, but they are rare. I candidly admit that I think a man tasteless who can imagine his wife well dressed when she is a dowdy or a slattern. There are men and woman who look homely to strangers but whose character is so beautiful, whose life is so self-sacrificing and delightful that we must know them to understand how it is that they are so beloved. To a man or woman of taste, however, a hideous garment can not lose its ugliness no matter who wears it. Neither you nor I can fail to detect the unkempt hair, the untrimmed nails, the unlaced shoes, the missing buttons, the disordered condition of things generally, nor is it possible to like a person as well whose outward indications are those of a sloven and a sluggard. There is no man or woman who after the first bloom of love's blush is gone will not institute comparisons, and it behoves those concerned to offer as few ill-conditioned features to loved eyes as possible. We may feel entirely secure and still be on dangerous ground—after the ground begins to cave in it is ordinarily too late to build new foundations.

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If this be so in matters of dress and personal adornment how much more strikingly true is it regarding one's mental attitude and display? In this connection I never was more impressed than by the lady in question. She was well and expensively dressed. Good taste of a sombre sort, adornment of a conventional character marked her as a woman who was bound to make no mistakes in her dress. I feel quite sure she has not materially varied her style of dress for years. Everything was conventionally correct, yet nothing seemed made for her. Her dress had no individuality; it was worn long and she was too modest to show her shoes which, pardon me, once escaped concealment and were evidently too large and unacquainted with blacking. When a woman is so unhappy that she has to talk about it I do not invariably describe her as I do the present case—believe me, I feel the compliment of the interview too greatly to mention it all—but this woman was a type and I can do her more good by writing this about her and to her than in any other way. If her dress was that of a woman without energy and snap and what the French call *chic*, her face and demeanor were still more abject. Her mouth's corners turned down like a wet moon; eyes joyless, sulky and moist with tears ready to drizzle at the slightest pretext; figure bending forward seeking for the hand to support the chin and—but enough of description. You know her either in her occasional doldrums or the chronic state.

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Her husband did not love her. If I had been he I certainly should not, though I admit that I could conceive of no circumstances under which I could have been persuaded or coerced into a partnership with such a picture of despair. I hinted with as much warmth as I could create, that she must be mistaken. "I am not mistaken" she answered in a low, plaintive, forsaken tone. "He has told me so." Shocking wasn't it I insisted that she must have inferred it that from words which would bear quite a different construction. She didn't raise her voice or lend a single additional volt of electricity to her reply—"No I asked him and he said he didn't." "How long have you been married?" I asked. "Fifteen years." "How long since you were convinced that he didn't love you?" "Five or six, I guess—four that I'm sure of, it was about then he told me." I inquired, after a few general remarks, as to how often she had asked him if he loved her previous to his candid avowal of his distaste. This warmed her up a little. "Oh, every night and morning! If he didn't say so I asked him and he used to kiss me and say he loved me more than ever." As she recited in her poor despairing voice, I blushed for my sex, yet sympathized with her husband. I knew he had lied to her until it became impossible to sustain the deception another day and then became candidly brutal in hope that she would take a new tack. But she didn't, I could see that. I asked her if she felt much worse after he told her that he didn't love her? "Yes," she recited without excitement, "it broke my heart."

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What could a fellow do? She showed no signs of removing the fragments of her heart elsewhere, even though I drummed on the desk and looked, as I felt, uncomfortable enough to welcome the sheriff. "Why," I ventured, "did you ask him so often if he loved you?" "Because I never felt sure"—and after a pause and a slight flushing of her cheeks—"and because I liked to hear him say it." Poor thing! I suppose all women like to hear that sort of thing if it's meant, and it is better than nothing, even if forced. "What made him cease loving you?" I asked, feeling that I had no earthly right to ask any such question. "Another woman," said she, with a con-rac-

tion of the brows and corners of the mouth. I felt that I was on safer ground now, and went ahead. "What made you think he liked her better than he did you?" It was a pleasure to see her bridle up as she answered: "He was always hanging round after her, always wanting her asked to the house!" She was becoming more talkative, and with a faint sensation that I should hate to have her husband come in and ask me why I was interfering, I continued the quest for information. "What was she like?" It was at this point that I saw the shoe. She lost that prudish grouping of herself under herself, and began jabbing at the carpet with her parasol. I had no idea my caller was so good a talker until I started her on the topic of her rival. The bent shoulders braced up, the depressed lips tightened, the eyes brightened, and at last there was some style about madam.

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"She is a little freckle faced thing," she began, "with no shape or sense to her, but she is lively and kittenish—and I suppose that catches the men"—with an interrogatory look towards me. I déprecated the kitten idea at once and asked how old she was. "Not more than five years difference," she exclaimed, spitefully, "though to look at her you'd think she was only twenty, always giggling too, and full of stories and jokes she picks out of the newspapers and places. I can't bear the looks of her, but Jim"—here the voice sunk back to its hopeless tone—"thinks she's too smart for anything." "How does she dress?" I asked. "No better than I do," she answered, bridling again, "only more flashy. She seems to have the knack of making things look expensive and new when they ain't, but she can't keep house half as good as I can—nor begin to cook with me, but Jim forgets that."

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I was anxious to find an excuse for my visitor but I couldn't. I imagined the freckled faced woman, who was so lively and full of jokes, as much more attractive and was about to go into particulars when madam pulled out the peg and told the whole story in her artless way. "I don't say," she began, raising her voice and jabbing the parasol more viciously at the olive square in the carpet, "that there's anything wrong between her'n Jim, but it ain't her fault if there isn't. Of course, there's nothing wrong"—with stress on the "wrong"—and Jim likes Lina—" "Who is Lina?" I interjected. "Why, Lina is our little girl," she answered sharply, and then she pulled her dress down over her shoes and smoothed down the folds of her parasol and took out her handkerchief and folded it into a little wad. I wondered what was coming next as I watched her rolling her handkerchief around in her lap, wiping her mouth with it, and turning down the corners—of the handkerchief—with such mathematical care. "Lina is our daughter," she repeated. "How old is she?" I asked to fill in the time. "Nine this fall," she whispered, and the handkerchief was rolled into a still tighter ball. "Getting to be quite a big girl," I suggested vaguely. "Oh, yes, indeed," she murmured, absently. Long pause. The handkerchief is rolled into a still smaller wad. All at once it is pocketed, and madam rose. "I guess I must be going," she said, severely, as if I had been detaining her to talk about forbidden topics, "Good afternoon." She was gone.

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The excitement over the Tin Cup mines in Colorado reminds me of the old days in the western country when mines of all sorts were being continually discovered and attracting to them the labor and enterprise of nearly all the inhabitants of western states and territories. Gold mining especially is apt to become a craze. Men who once become infatuated in the search for precious metal in its crude state are not likely to recover until some dangerous shaft or a dance-house *melee* puts an end to their quest for gold. During the time I lived in the Western States and territories I knew hundreds of men who had been miners and who had been most unfortunate. Talk with them about mining, and with many rotund oaths they would vow that never again, no matter how alluring the reports might be, could they be persuaded to forsake the driving of cattle and the quiet occupations they had assumed for the exciting but unremunerative quest of the glittering ore. Yet when a report came to the cattle ranch of the discovery of gold in some neighboring mountain or distant gulch men would vie with one another in saddling their horses and taking their traps and going on a run for the new camp. I recollect one incident which happened in Southern New Mexico. I had heard of a rich find of gold in the Jacarilla mountains, and before conveying my information to the little company of cattle men who were assembled, I got their combined and individual opinion on gold mining as the "great fool-act." One after another they told their experiences, how after working on the drive or range for a year or two they had gotten a hundred dollars and a good outfit ahead, and had squandered their whole savings to scour ranks for a new gold mine. A man from the Jacarillas came in that night and the story of illimitable wealth being found there was told. Next morning there wasn't a cowboy on the range. I was in the mines a few months afterwards, when it had been discovered that while gold was plentiful no water could be introduced to wash it, and I found a number of these same old adventurers ragged, poor and disconsolate, starting for the cattle ranges to take a new job, vowing that this was positively the last time they would ever rush off to gold diggings. Yet just as long as their lives last, whenever they hear of a new find they will race with one another trying to get there first.

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We have gold mines in Ontario, as rich as the many fabled placers of Nevada and California. The only trouble is the mining of the precious metals. The history of human wreckage connected with gold mining has discouraged capitalists, both large and small. It is estimated that for every dollar in gold which has been gotten out of the earth, ten dollars has been wasted in hunting for it; and it is an accepted theory that it is better to work for the gold after it is mined than to hunt for it in the earth. So long has this theory been established, and so thoroughly impregnated has the capitalist become with this idea that I am convinced that most enormous stores of golden wealth are lying in this province, particularly in the Sudbury districts, untouched. Yet the difference should be remembered between the old placer mining of the west, the washing of golden sand and the hunting for new deposits which could be materialized without the use of machinery or capital, and the development of such mines as we have. Quartz mining takes a large investment of capital, but it is the surest commercial venture in all mining operations. Be this as it may, it is a settled fact that a general disgust of gold mining, in fact of the search for all precious metals, is retarding the growth and development of our mining country, and the government, if it could do it honestly, might do well to spend some money in establishing the minds of capitalists as to the vast wealth possessed by this province.

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In some of the daily newspapers a clamor has been raised for the erection of monuments to several public men, particularly to Dr. Ryerson the founder of our educational system. The erection of piles of granite and marble to commemorate the deeds of heroes and statesmen has been a part of the world's policy since man learned to use the mallet and chisel. Nowhere has it been so unsuccessful in America where the heroes of the people came from the ranks and their compatriots seem to think it right to no more than bury them when they are dead. In Canada we have built a few monuments, but they are very few, and some of them very mean. It may be said we have had few heroes, but this cannot be more truthfully alleged than that we never will have, unless we respect those who have served us and commemorate the good deeds of those who have gone. Yet while dilating on the ingratitude of democratic peoples and their failure to erect pyramids and monuments and other towering mementoes of respect for the dead, we must not forget that under democratic institutions man is not forgotten by the people as he was in olden days when one king died and another took his place. In those days all a man had done was wiped out when his successor was appointed unless he employed a historian to inscribe his deeds on some everlasting material. None of us have seen a monument to Oliver Cromwell, yet we know of his great works. King William does not need a statue in the Park as long as the Orangemen walk on the twelfth of July. The most lasting monuments are those erected by common consent in the hearts of the people and crowned by the halo of a great principle. What monuments or thousands of monuments could commemorate the life and death of Christ as it is commemorated by the breaking of bread and the drinking of wine in the Lord's Supper? In the sight of all peoples, of all nations, in all countries this sacrament is a monument to which tablets of stone or brass, to which pyramids, obelisks, sphynx, shrink into nothingness, and yet it is but a simple act and is only commanded to be done in memory of Him. Perhaps many who do it or see it done but vaguely understand the reason of its introduction, but of the hundreds of millions who see it and join in it there are more who understand its meaning and the history of Him whose good deeds it commemorates than of the millions who may see a towering shaft or equestrian statue in the great parks of the world's centres. The reasons for erecting these statues are not generally understood, and after all the best monument is that already erected to Dr. Ryerson and all good men—the memory in the minds of the people of the good deeds performed.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$47 25
F. McLellan	1 00
Allie Ellis	5 00
Douglas & Madelon, "with love," Peterboro.	1 00
Total	$54 25

DON.

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Toronto is greatly interested in the success of the Industrial Exhibition, which of late years has far distanced all rivalry and is looked forward to by the people of the province as pre-eminently *the* show. The centralizing tendencies of the age continually tend to enhance the importance of large exhibitions held at central points and able, owing to their superior resources and experience in management, to present greater attractions than any which smaller institutions can offer. Moreover, the farmers and people from the smaller towns and villages, apart from what the exhibition itself has to offer, naturally prefer to visit the metropolis rather than a place where there is less to see. There is a disposition on the part of unsuccessful rivals and outside towns which view with jealousy anything that contributes to Toronto's prosperity to accuse the management of the Industrial with introducing too much of the spectacular "circus" element into the show. This is a very senseless and unreasonable complaint. If the more important, solid and instructive features of the fair were neglected in order to give undue prominence to mere spectacles and parades there might be some force in the criticism. This is not the case, however. The high standard of the Exhibition as a comprehensive collection of the products of mechanical art and agricultural skill and industry has always been scrupulously maintained. Wild-West shows, pyrotechnics, parades and games which minister merely to the amusement of the spectators do not diminish in the slightest the usefulness or the completeness of the real exhibition. They are thrown in as extras. The desire for entertainment to which the Industrial has shown its ability to cater successfully is perfectly legitimate. Our farmers, tradesmen and mechanics—the class of people who throng the Exhibition grounds every fall, are hard workers with but few opportunities for enjoyment. Why should anyone carp at their being allowed the privilege of having a little pleasurable excitement in the way of a sensational spectacular display in connection with the fair? Nobody nowadays is straight-laced enough to say that there is intrinsically any harm in the class of entertainments given at the Industrial, and it surely cannot be contended that their connection with the display of fat cattle, grain and reaping machines makes them worse than if witnessed amid different surroundings. There is nothing in the cry that the Industrial is degenerating into a circus, except the spite and disappointment of those who are desperately envious of Toronto's prosperity and the success of the Industrial as one of its important factors. From all indications the show this year will exceed in comprehensiveness, variety and general interest, all previous fairs successful as they have been.

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The other day I was accosted by a very respectable and gentlemanly young man who was peddling children's books and endeavored to induce me to make a purchase. The argument upon which he seemed to lay most stress was that he was desirous of obtaining a college education and was taking this means to earn enough money to enable him to pay his expenses. Probably most people would have been favorably influenced by such an appeal—and felt disposed to commend his ambition as a worthy one. It did not strike me at all in that light, I seldom or never buy books from agents or peddlers—not because I am prejudiced against them as a class but simply because they never have the books I want. But if I had been disposed to make a purchase I'm afraid that the young fellow's appeal to do it in order to help him through college would have changed my mind. To get a college education may be a commendable ambition, but it shows a sad lack of manly, independent spirit to approach a stranger and ask his assistance to do so. It would have been all right had the young man simply presented his goods and tried his best, even to importunity, to sell them as a matter of straightforward business. Nobody who wants money for any purpose need be ashamed of trying to make a sale of any article in legitimate demand that he can turn a penny by. But to say "Please buy because I want the money to help me through college," to ask custom not on business grounds but as a personal favor, approaches so close to the whine of the professional mendicant that any really self-respecting, honorable young man would far sooner get along without a college education than descend to it. The intellectual polish of a college course will be a poor compensation for the degradation of spirit and the abnegation of manly self-reliance involved. There is a great deal of false sentiment afloat in the community on this subject. The ambition to get an education is regarded as something so high and noble in itself, that people are ready to condone the meanness of the shifts to which some young men will resort for the purpose. No doubt, the young fellow who called on me the other day is regarded by an admiring circle of his friends as a moral hero. His is not an isolated case by any means. There are thousands of young men who prey upon their friends and do not disdain to drain the scanty resources of their hard-working mothers and sisters that they may go to college. Instead of being encouraged such fellows ought to be told that they are contemptible sponges. The press is largely to blame for the wrong and false ideas current on this subject. Some years since it was popular for college students, especially in the States, to officiate as waiters, during the vacation, at summer resort hotels. Now there is nothing discreditable in being a waiter—that is nothing intrinsically degrading in the occupation itself—but there is something degrading in the system of receiving "tips" from guests, which distinctly draws the caste line between the giver and the receiver and stamps the latter as a recognized inferior. No man of refined or manly feeling would voluntarily put himself in such a position—he might accept it as a last resort. But these young collegians went off to be waiters and fish for tips, and went with big fees in view as their special aim and object; and the newspapers, instead of plainly telling the beggarly, mean-spirited fellows what a degrading position they were placing themselves in, commended them and encouraged the public to be liberal with them, for they were trying to pay their way through college. A college education is a luxury, not a necessity, and the man who resorts to mean, shifty, dishonest or degrading methods to secure it, is no more to be excused on the ground of the excellence of the end in view, than he who seeks to obtain any other good or desirable object by like means. T.

Saturday Night Abroad.

Toronto people who are going abroad or to some watering place for the summer, can have SATURDAY NIGHT mailed to them either at a permanent address or at the series of places they are likely to visit. No pains will be spared to give our subscriber their favorite weekly during their absence from the city. In writing, if you are an old subscriber, give not only your future address but your present one. In sending orders, however, remember that foreign postage is charged in sending papers to European addresses as follows: Three months, 25c.; six months, 45c.; one year, 75c.

Social and Personal.

Closed shutters, drawn blinds and double-locked doors are fashionable now, and the houses look very lonely and desolate as they stand forbidding and solitary. It is not unusual to see a disappointed traveler vainly seeking to gain admittance to some deserted home. He may be a cousin or an uncle, who, being in town, hurries off to the quiet street to spend a half hour or a half day with a much prized relative, and the residents of that particular house are in Muskoka or down to the sea or across the ocean or up and down the quiet shores of the lake, having, wherever they may be, their anticipated "good time." The exodus is becoming more general and more matter of fact each year. People must "go some place," and they go. Families are scattered, for favorite cousins are ever in demand, and "college chums" quite often gather together, and with yacht and tent make merry somewhere on the coast. It is perhaps well that the theory is pretty generally accepted that change without complete rest will aid in recuperation. If it were not so the gay gadding of the summer time would likely result in poor health from over exertion. A girl who writes to a friend that the rest she is having is "so delightful," and proceeds in the next paragraph to enumerate and expand upon the pleasures of the week with its driving, boating, yachting, walking, flirting and hop may be enjoying herself very thoroughly, but the programme is not a restful one.

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There are people though who stay home, for to some the uncertainties of travel and the excitement of crowds is far from pleasant. They do not free themselves from the every day home life, and yet may take a great amount of quiet pleasure among the flowers which grow in such profusion here, and about the well kept patches of bright green grass. The far country is too deceptive, and while I may marvel at the lack of energy which keeps those who might travel from enjoying its benefit, I yet can see that in restful homes the quiet can be found which may almost balance the good brought to one from change of scene.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson sailed for home on Wednesday.

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His many friends in Toronto will be pleased to hear of the success of Mr. Harry Jarvis. He has been studying for the past year at the Academy of Music, London, England and has taken the highest honors in the examinations held recently and carried off the medal.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther and family have gone to Cobourg, where Mr. Crowther has purchased a most desirable summer residence on the lake shore.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb of 88 Avenue road left on Thursday for Montreal, Quebec, and Peaks Island, *via* St. Lawrence. They will return in September.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Nairn of Jarvis street are at the C. P. R. Banff Springs Hotel for a week and intend spending the remainder of the summer on the Pacific coast.

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Mr. Archie Macdonnell is home on a visit after a successful Kermiss season in the Southern cities. Archie's next venture will be at Louisville, Kentucky.

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I am constantly receiving personal notices which I am unable to make use of on account of their not being signed by the persons sending them in. Those whose communications do not appear need not, therefore, feel aggrieved if we refuse to accept notices which they are afraid to verify with their names. It might be thought, sooner or later, people would learn that anonymous contributions, especially of a personal nature, are of no use to a newspaper.

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Mr. W. R. Parker and family of Brunswick avenue are spending their holidays at Rice Lake, where they report some excellent hauls of fish.

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Mr. A. T. McCord and wife of Jarvis street left by Tuesday night's express for Halifax and the maritime provinces.

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Mrs. D. Moncrieff Melville of Robert street, with Master Hector, have gone to visit friends at Lindsay.

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The following party of gentlemen left for Muskoka on Thursday morning: Messrs. Ed. Cousins, Thomas Wilson, George Barratt, Thomas Douglas, Walter Bell, A. Paterson, William and John Charters, George Hall, Ed. Williams and David Ross.

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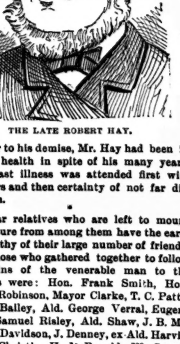
The funeral of the late Robert Hay, ex.-M.P., on Saturday last, was attended by a large number of those who held the deceased gentleman in the highest respect. Up to a short



THE LATE ROBERT HAY.

time prior to his demise, Mr. Hay had been in excellent health in spite of his many years, but his last illness was attended first with grave fears and then certainty of not far distant death.

*

The near relatives who are left to mourn his departure from among them have the earnest sympathy of their large number of friends. Among those who gathered together to follow the remains of the venerable man to the Necropolis were: Hon. Frank Smith, Hon. Beverley Robinson, Mayor Clarke, T. C. Patteson, Ald. Bailey, Ald. George Verral, Eugene O'Keefe, Samuel Risley, Ald. Shaw, J. B. McLean, Dr. Davidson, J. Denney, ex-Ald. Harvie, William Christie, H. McDonald, W. Spratt, Thomas McGaw, W. C. Crowther, E. A. Wills, H. N. Baird, Hugh Blain, W. D. Matthews, R. Tinning, R. Musson, Warring Kennedy, W. R. Harris, Col. Dawson, W. Davidson, J. Stewart, C. Moss, S. R. Hart, D. McLean, J. L. Blaikie, David Walker, G. A. Lamb, W. B. Hamilton, T. C. Irving, J. Gilmour, Napier Robinson, W. H. Dale, J. K. Macdonald, W. B. McMurtrich, Dr. Burnham, Dr. Palmer, G. H. Wilson, Dr.

(*Continued on page Eleven.*)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Felice Paris

Hand-made, Perfect-fitting Glove, in all the new grey tints. Send for Price List.

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TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Dressing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $1. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons $20; evenings, $25.

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LAKE EXCURSIONS EVERYWHERE

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MUNGO	5c.
CABLE	5c.
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MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
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NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a new and choice assortment of

Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.

Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

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"THE PENETANGUISHENE"

The finest summer hotel in Canada. Spacious corridors and verandas. Large Park. Boating, Bathing, Tennis, &c. Every comfort for guests. Cuisine equal to city houses.

OPEN UNTIL OCTOBER 1

Campers allowed in grounds on application to Secretary P. L. H. Co., Penetanguishene.
Terms $3 per day. Special by week or month.

FRED'K CREED,
Steward.

PROF. DAVIS

Has completed arrangements for the purchase of the premises, 102 William avenue, corner of Mutual street. During the next few weeks carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, glaziers, plumbers and gasfitters, &c., will be busy building his

New Dancing Academy

Which will be complete in every detail. Classes will assemble in it early in September, due notice of which will be given.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES

YILDIZ
CIGARETTES

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

"To wander about dreamily, that is, to lounge, is an excellent employment of time for the philosopher."—*Hugo.*

This quotation is a singularly summery one. At first sight it suits us well. We yearn to fasten it in the memory. We are eager to establish it firmly in the minds of those who spell hot-weather languor—l-a-z-i-n-e-s-s. The idea of dreamily lounging is the salient one, and it is only when the word philosopher enters the gateway to the cerebral castle that we realize we have been guilty of jumping at conclusions and we go on reading, and think a little less of Hugo for bestowing the monopoly of dutiful lounging upon those of great wisdom.

•

There are some times when outside influences are in such deep full melodious chords that the thinking part of us frees itself from all care and annoyance, and goes off on a little pleasure excursion. We ramble, very gleefully perhaps, through well-worn memory paths, and push on a little at other times into the future. Such happiness is helpful and we mingle again among our friends with clearer brain and better heart. Just at this time the enthusiasm of being cheerful is at its height, and it is often at this particular moment of this very day that some carping friend rushes to our ear to tell us that John Jones' sister said we cut her on the street, or the back breadth of our freshest gown has been hob nobbing with a mud-puddle. Those heights were so pleasant—such a way from the thistle lowlands of life, and the coming down is so swift that it jars one's system. If we intend living on out-of-the-way peaks it were better to go up slowly and have accessible stairs for occasional visits to those who treasure up uncomfortable things to pour into our ears. It is wrong to chide them. It is unwise to consider ourselves abused. It is well to think of pleasant things, and better to school ourselves rather to laugh at than complain of our bruises.

•

What a delightfully natty and cool looking toilette is that one in which the white yachting gown is the prime factor, and the chic hat, dainty tie, and gloves equally interesting details. The smiling little white-garbed bit of daintiness is reflected by her mirror so faithfully that she goes forth happy. This is the pleasant part of the picture, but oh! did you ever see her on a boat? If it is a yacht, she is careful to shun ropes, and sails, and anything and everything that indicates the slightest acquaintance with the ever-dreadful grime. She puckers her pretty brow into a dozen wrinkles, trying to keep that gown dainty. She cannot enjoy herself, and she is miserable. There is no use talking to her of moon-struck waves or clustered lights on shore. She is afraid to lose sight of the front breadths of her gown in case a straying cinder might nestle in its folds and crushed there leave a lasting memorial of its presence. Oh no, the white yachting suit is a nuisance—a preventive of happiness and a big delusion.

It is the girl in the marine serge who enjoys herself. She has a touching faith in the good behavior of that particular dress, and it repays the trust, for the rain may fall, the mud splash, the cinders settle, but the wrinkles will smooth out in a half day's hanging, the brush will conquer the rest, and the next yachting trip may come the following day when "serge" will be on hand as fresh as ever.

•

Coming down town this morning I kept a strict watch upon those I met, trying to take particular notice of their foot-gear, and a cursory glance at the rest of their habiliments, to see how they fitted the shoes. What variations there were to be sure! The trim girl with her elastic step and proudly set head was just the one to wear the well-made oxfords of patent leather, with securely fastened ties and safely low heels. Near her a fat, old man toddled along on two stumpy feet in queerly-shaped shoes with coarse leather vamps and checked cloth tops. No need to ask why they were cloth; for the bumps and lumps told of indiscretion in choosing shoes or forgetfulness in remembering numbers. A ragged boy came next and he wore his birthday shoes. Poor little bare-footed urchin, his face was pinched and his great grey eyes stared so solemnly at the hurrying people that I somehow forgot to look at feet for a while.

A slatternly woman slid along from a corner to a green grocer's, with her none too narrow feet emphasized by a pair of heavy leather slippers, flat, ungainly and down at the heel.

A poor old woman whose gray hair blew in broken strands from the rim of her purple bonnet wore carpet slippers in faded red and bilious green, while a postman hurrying by at the same time announced his coming as his heavily-soled boots thumped on the pavement.

A dapper little dandy teetered along to the whistled tune of Annie Rooney, and at each beat I caught sight of a well-fashioned pair of ties. Each one was irreproachable as to polish, elegant in make and the comparative of squeeze in fit. Men never wear tight shoes, it is said. I am afraid I must quarrel with the assertion, for I looked several times at those, they were so "cute," and they were not hurting me, so I smiled a little and gave my attention to a motherly body who carried a market basket and set down a substantial foot at frequent intervals. Her shoes were prunella in material, nothing as to fit, and decidedly uncertain as to age.

A good-looking man, dressed in a nondescript fashion, wore buttoned boots, down at the heels, and baggy on the insteps. A brisk business man, who was deeply engaged in trying to get his companion to "carefully consider it before you——" was well shod in square-toed gaiters of fine leather, with nicely-shaped toe pieces and a general look of care and caution. A newsboy's gaping laced boots were supposed to be fastened by a disobedient string. The tangled greyish cord and the mud of several yesterdays made his feet quite the most untidy specimens I had seen.

Of course there were many others, low and high, shiny and dull, loose and pinching. I had never thought of fitting people to shoes before; but I believe now that in most cases the tidy man or neat woman will have well fitting and well-cared for shoes.

•

If some wise doctor could settle the exact amount of influence the mind exerts over bodily disorders—settle it once and for all subsequent time, what a deal of whining could be chidden with a clear conscience. Perhaps it is uncharitable, but I have sometimes laughingly thought of the matutinal performance which must run something like this: "Dear me! (yawn) I wonder if I feel better? My head seems dizzy—yes very dizzy—I was probably sunstruck yesterday." That being settled the searcher after sickness has one item—sunstruck. Then the joints are tested, and it will be very odd if the miserable one cannot fancy something wrong after the process of metaphorically feeling for pains. Truly the suffering from fancied hurts is terrible. Is it as great as we think? Does it call for pity, or are we only increasing the harm by condoling with the sufferer? One would not wish to be cruel. We all want to give the fullest sympathy where it is needed, and that is why we question ourselves and everyone else as to the extent of the mind's influence on the physical wellbeing.

CLIP CAREW.

The Old Barn.

In these torrid days the average citizen feels constrained to go back to nature for a renewal of the energies he has dissipated. When all the world is seeking for grass and trees and water and long stretches of landscape and sunsets and fair skies and dew-gemmed wild flowers, I may be excused if I also join the revelling throng, forget the crowded causeways, the monotonous tinkle of the necessary street car bell, the discordant voices of the multitude and the heated gas jet above my head, and allow my mind to run to grass and rural solitudes with the rest of holidaying humanity. I can pity you poor unfortunate children who were unlucky enough to be born and brought up in these wilds of the city. You have missed many things that are beautiful if you have never heard the rustling of the wheat as the south wind waved it, if you have never heard the Bob White's melodiously clear whistle come up from the edge of the meadow, if you have never dreamed to the music of the crickets, nor ever played the games of mischievous childhood about a ramshackle old barn.

It still stands gray and weatherworn on the slope, looking much as it did twenty years ago. The ridge line is a trifle more hollowed, perhaps, and the general appearance a little more dilapidated, with here and there some shingles missing and a board off the side, but after all it wears well. It looks small beside its fine new neighbor across the road, which was erected last year, with two neat and painted ventilators on its sharply pitched roof; but there was a time when we thought it a massive and stupendous structure. We have grown some since then. If you look carefully you may perhaps find a post with marks on it which will show how high we were in those days, the memory of which is recalled by the sight of this ragged structure.

There are memories of summers when it was slowly and laboriously filled up as it is being filled up now—for it has not yet outlived its usefulness—and memories of winters when it was more slowly emptied of its contents. How often did we climb up that substantial looking ladder to the "big beam" in order that our nerves might be agitated for a brief moment with the sensation given by the drop and the sinking into the soft straw in the mow! The climb was not easy and the drop was not far, sometimes the straw was not soft. But then it was "fun," and where are they, men, women or children, who will not exert themselves to toil and climb if they only get it into their heads that they are playing—especially when they are overflowing with country vitality.

Has any old country boy, who reads this, forgotten how the recurring seasons as they rolled along, brought him an annual attack of circus fever? I think it was during the months of May and June that the coming man was afflicted with the *mal de cirque*. The Frenchity of that expression may be doubtful. The hay mow was his stage, and on its gentle bosom he did his level best to tie himself in a knot or turn a somersault without landing on the back of his neck. From personal experience I should say that he does not usually turn out a success, but I have been told that many of the spangle-glittering gentry, whose contortions have often dazzled my vision, and whose Italian and French names have often paralyzed my understanding, are graduates of the hay mow in the old barn.

There is another touching reminiscence, which the sight of this hay mow has rescued from oblivion. Once upon a time there was a boy—nothing personal, I assure you—who was struggling against a tide of prejudice in the cultivation of a literary taste. Like many other persons, whom we read about in history, he was ostracized from the bosom of his family by the persecution consequent upon the indulgence of his tastes and opinions. The barn and the hay were his land of refuge. Here, with the winds blowing warm or blowing chill, ensconced by a knot hole which commanded an excellent view of the surrounding scenery, did he pursue with bated breath the thrilling career of Slabsided Sam, the Twirler of the Twinkling Tomahawk, or some other of that tribe. Upon a fatal day the boy's father went stirring up things in that mow. His searching and pitiless eye fell upon the library. Eight precious volumes were dedicated to Vulcan. "Whenever I'm wanted I'm always on hand," were the words which fell upon the startled ear of that urchin, and turning he beheld his father's cold, cruel eye glancing along the polished surface of a Winchester, triple twist, very-much-repeating rod of second-growth hickory. Another young ambition was blighted. The wild and wooly west lost another hunter. There is a sequel to this story, however. "It was a good thing," said the boy a few days afterwards to a bosom friend, "that the old man didn't go down a little deeper."

"Why, how was that?"

"If he did he would have found a plug of tobacco and a pack of cards."

The memories come cropping up until it is difficult which to select out of the host. We sometimes hear of the fragrance of a flower recalling memories of things gone, and it may be so. But the perfumes of "the gardens of Gul in their bloom" would not recall to some of us a hundredth part of what we feel as we sniff the musty odor of this old granary or the aroma of this mow of newly-stored hay. They are putting the twine-bound sheaves of wheat on the other side and the shelled grain is rattling to the floor. Hundreds of long, red-legged grasshoppers and plump, black crickets brought in on the grain, crawl and hop over everything. These little black fellows are the songsters of the night, to whose mournful music we have often listened when no other sound broke the stillness of a world as silent as death.

Here are some autographs in the smoothly-planed boards of this door. These are interesting—nothing like writing, is there? Here is the name "Clara" along with another one, and both enclosed in a rudely-drawn heart. "Two hearts that beat as one!" evidently! Clara was a pretty girl I well remember. She married Dick, and lives over there where you see that new barn. This is her little girl who scampers after me here, and who asks me if I'd like a little pig to take home with me to the city. I say I am afraid my landlady might not like it. There are a few more names here, of the owners of which I have very tender recollections. But down in the corner I have found a little signature written in a cramped school-girl hand, which I will not name. I see through the mist a little figure in a coarse woolen dress with brown hair and bright blue eyes, little brown feet and a smile as sweet as an opening bud. Another picture rises of a later time—tall, shy and maidenly. I have seen a double acorn cup with one of the acorns gone. The oak on which it grew spreads its branches over a grass-covered mound. This is one of the old barn's sad reminiscences.

It is but one of the many, both bright and sad, which cluster about it, and which are growing fainter and fainter with the fleeting years. Soon the old house and the old barn will be gone. It would be well if the associations they recall could be kept fresh, for the soul that can go back to them in fancy is refreshed and strengthened, as are the bodies of the toil-worn of the city by the unrivalled panacea of Nature.

VAN.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's Jewelry store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock a.m. and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

YOU CAN BUY
THE NEWEST PATTERNS
IN
LADIES' FRIENDSHIP RINGS
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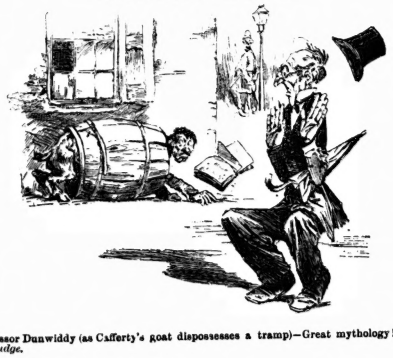
ONE PRICE JEWELRY STORE
130 Yonge Street

Our stock has been selected to meet all requirements.
Come and inspect our goods and prices before purchasing anything in the Jewelry line.

He Knew Him When He Saw Him.



Professor Dunwiddy (as Cafferty's goat dispossesses a tramp)—Great mythology! There's Pan!—*Judge.*

1890 : SPRING : 1890

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FINE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS
in all the latest styles for spring trade.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
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Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleaned from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.
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TRY OUR NEW PATENT
YATISI CORSET YATISI
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
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Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

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Special Reductions in Summer Blouses
Good quality.....were $ .75 now $ .50
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Rich quality of Satin, handsomely braided and tucked, in all colors..... " 5.75 " 2.75
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Boys, Girls, Young Men or Women, or to every subscriber who will take the pains to write us during the next 30 days and give the number of members of their family who are regular readers of this paper, we will send by mail a pack of HIDDEN NAME CARDS, and our 100p engraved picture catalogue. All sent FREE of charge.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

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Good, sweet, hard butter is the most important adjunct of the table. The very article you want is to be had at Shaver's, 244 Yonge Street, in neat 2 lb. boxes—an entirely new idea. Try one.

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Telephone No. 1859.

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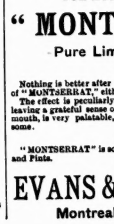
Or IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING.
We are prepared to plait skirts in the new "Parisian Plaiting" any length up to 45 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 25c.
MISS STACKHOUSE, 427 Yonge St., Toronto
N. B.—The only place in Canada where "Parisian Plaiting" is done.



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Closing out well assorted stock. Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.
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THE BEST DRINK
FOR HOT WEATHER IS
"MONTSERRAT"
Pure Lime-Fruit Juice
Nothing is better after any athletic exercise than a glass of "MONTSERRAT," either alone or with soda water.
The effect is peculiarly satisfying. It quenches thirst, leaving a grateful sense of cleanliness and freshness in the mouth, is very palatable, and perfectly pure and wholesome.
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For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
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The pottery made at GUADALAJARA is more widely known than any other of Mexican manufacture. It is made of a peculiar kind of clay not found in any other part of the country, and water kept in it cools by the evaporation from the surface of that which passes through the sides of the vessel—an item of importance where ice cannot be had. From this circumstance the natives refer to it as la loza fria de Guadalajara—"the cold pottery of Guadalajara." The people who make it are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may really be called a race of potters. This pottery is soft baked, without glaze, but highly polished. The colors are gray, red and black, elaborately decorated in silver, gold and bright colors. I have just opened an assortment of this ware in Bottles, Cups, Plates, Mugs, &c.
Another package of BELLEEK to hand.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
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Also see our PURE BRISTLE BATH BRUSHES, RUBBER BATH GLOVES, BATH TOWELS, &c.
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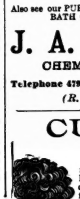

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.
Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties
Price 50 Cents
All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from
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THE MANUFACTURER
Paris Hair Works,
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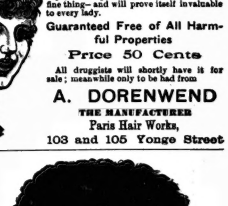
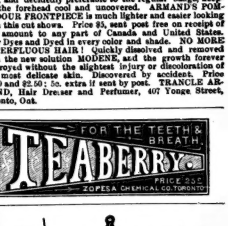


ARMAND'S HAIR STORE—LADIES WHO HAVE trouble in keeping their hair in curls during the hot weather should secure one of Armand's Pompadour Frontpieces, which would save them trouble and time in curling their own hair half a dozen times a day. The hair in this style is entirely off the forehead, except a few curls on the side, and decidedly preferable to the regular bangs, keeping the forehead cool and uncovered. ARMAND'S POMPADOUR FRONTPIECE is much lighter and easier looking than this cut shows. Price $3, sent post free on receipt of that amount to any part of Canada and United States. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade. NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR! Quickly dissolved and removed with the solution MODENE, and the growth forever destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration of the most delicate skin. Discovered by accident. Price $1.50 and $2.50; 5c. extra if sent by post. TRANCLE ARMAND, Hair Dresser and Perfumer, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY

"Isn't it a relief not to have to talk about it?" Bernard Thorne looked down with rather an amused smile at the brown head lying against his arm.

"Why, I thought talking was just the one thing needful for all women's joys and sorrows," he answered—"at least, I know my sisters used——" Here he checked himself sheerly; and the girlish head, which ten minutes before had with such childish abandon sought that resting-place, was drawn away with something more than pique.

"Your sisters used," she echoed. "Why do you not finish the sentence? Do you think the mere fact of my hearing about them can do them any harm?"—and her dark eyes gleamed with a sudden angry light, which was soon dimmed by tears.

Bernard flushed and looked away towards the distant horizon, where a sail glittered in the afternoon sunlight.

"Happiness has made me forget my manners," he said, lightly. "But you know all the same, Nellie, it isn't my way to speak of my home-people. You should not be so quick to take offence, child."

The implied apology was accepted, and the girl's clouded face cleared instantly.

"What a hot-tempered little idiot you must think me!" she returned by way of reparation. "Bernard, are you sure you haven't made a mistake? Think now, before it is too late, if you will not mar your life by taking me into it. I'm not accustomed to your world; we all saw you were out above us before the very first rehearsal was over. Think now—now! And yet"—with a sudden change—"ah, no! I could not bear it—I could not! I love you so, I must be able to make you happy!"

Her tears were falling in real earnest; and the man would have been less than human if he had not sought to dispel them effectually by means of tender promises and reassurances.

"Don't you know you are the dearest little girl in all the world to me? You have never been afraid to link your fate with one who is down on his luck. Love levels all ranks, though you make me feel a snob for mentioning such a thing." So he talked on until the loving heart was pacified.

Some little time was taken up in this explanation. The sun was now sinking below the sea, leaving a broad pathway of dazzling light. The sight recalled both to a consciousness of present necessities.

"We must be off!" exclaimed Bernard, springing to his feet and giving Nellie a helping hand. "Dinner at six; and it won't do to keep the house waiting longer than is absolutely necessary on a first night."

"The house waiting, you conceited boy! I don't if old Campbell would let you have a second chance!"

They relapsed into theatrical gossip about fines and calls, &c., walking briskly across the short burnt grass of the Lawns, until they came to the roughly-hewn steps that led to the quaint old fish-market and on to the town beyond. Nellie paused on the topmost step and gazed round at the peaceful scene of bay and fishing boats and brown sand.

"Good-bye!" she said, with a rather dramatic air.

"Good-bye to what—not me, I hope!" Bernard returned, laughingly. His laugh speedily died away; for in her eyes there was an expression he had never seen there before, not even in her best love passages on the boards—a look of latent force, a depth of feeling that puzzled him. A quick sense of self-reproach, almost of remorse, seized him. This child was no mere plaything taken up to lighten the tedium of work and society that was not congenial to his better self; but he soon stifled the passing impression and went on, "Good-bye in what sense? Do explain this new mystery."

"Oh, it is nothing! But I have always felt superstitious about two people watching a sunset together!"

This time he laughed as if a load of anxiety were taken from him—it was so like one of Nellie's silly speeches.

"And what does the superstition portend?" Again the bright naive face was clouded over.

"Bad luck to one, if not to both," she answered.

The next moment she was running down the steep steps like a child, causing her straw sailor-hat to fall off, hair-pins and brown plaits to get displaced; and Bernard was obliged to help her in the work of restoration before they could venture to face the critical gaze of the gay little waiting-room, where they had pitched their theatrical tent for the next six nights.

This latter fact was proclaimed wherever they went, for every inch of hoarding, every blank wall in the town was covered by playbills headed by three lines in huge letters announcing "Enormous Success of the Season! For Six Nights only! The Red Star Company."

Bernard Thorne was still young enough to experience a boyish feeling of pleasure seeing his name displayed with others in big letters, with a "To night" stuck across (in black and scarlet. This was his first experience of "a tour in the provinces," and he was only five-and twenty.

Nellie Travers, who had been carried on to the stage as a baby from her mother's dressing-piece where an infant in arms was necessary as part of the "properties," glanced at the bills with scarcely a passing thrill of interest. She liked her work well enough; but there was no fascination, no joy in it for her. As far back as she could remember, all its technicalities had been mere means of obtaining bread and butter. Her father and mother had been "mummers" before her, and their parents before them; and yet they were on the whole as decent, respectable, hard-working a family as could be found anywhere. All the three daughters had followed the same profession—there were no sons; but, had there been one, doubtless he would have submitted to the parental yoke as dutifully as other youths in purer social circles accept family livings or gird on the sabres of their sires.

And yet there were traits of the true artist-nature in Nellie. She could be made happy or sorrowful in a breath, one moment soaring upward to impossible heights of bliss, the next perfectly content in a passing pleasure. But until she had met Bernard Thorne nothing had happened to sound the real depths that lay beneath so sunny a surface.

There was some excuse for the rapid surrender of her heart. It was the first time she had ever come into contact with what she and her people would call "a real gentleman." The little courtesies and attentions that Bernard showed her attracted her at once. Like most of her profession, she was wonderfully quick in picking up new ideas, and his presence was enough to suppress the least want of refinement in her manner and speech. Those members of the travelling company who had known her in old days wondered at the change that had come over the girl. At all times and seasons she was a great favorite on account of her buoyancy and her fixed determination to make the best of everything, whatever occured; but now they often waited in vain for the quick repartee and the ready laugh. The fact was, she had suddenly become self-conscious. She who in time past had cared for no one's censure or opinion, often sounding unfortunate manager half out of his senses with her insolent sweetness, would now give all she possessed to be one of Bernard Thorne's world.

O her girls might not have detected the social gulf that yawned between them. Nellie was no love-blinded simpleton, though she might be rather silly in some ways—as, for instance, when she lay awake at night lamenting the stubborn fact that neither by birth nor education was she "a lady."

Perhaps it was this very sense of her own shortcomings that first drew Bernard towards her. They were thrown together by circumstances. She was the youngest and prettiest member of the company, he an entire stranger to the life they were leading. Meeting every day at rehearsal and performance, and mutually shunning joining in excursions to places of interest, she seemed to stand out from the rest, to remind him in some faint far-off way of his old home life; and so the web of fate began to be spun for these two.

If Bernard had had the least idea, before starting off on that eventful walk across the Downs two months after their first meeting, that he would be sufficiently carried away by his feelings to ask Nellie to share his fortunes "for better for worse," he would probably not have left his rooms with quite so light a heart.

The first night's performance was going to prove a success. There was a good house, and the players' spirits were rising in proportion as the benches filled. Nellie was in a joyous humor, and Bernard caught the infection at odd moments while waiting for cues at the wings or chatting in the green room.

"I have found a splendid place for a spy-hole!" he announced towards the middle of the piece, during a scene when their presence on the stage was dispensed with. "Come here—look in this out-of-the-way corner! There is a slit in the curtain which commands a view of the entire house!"

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"Look and judge for yourself then!" retorted Nellie, quitting her post of observation.

The next moment she was astonished at seeing Bernard give a violent start and drop his hold of the curtain.

"What's the matter, Mr. Thorne?" she inquired—the Christian name had not come easily yet.

"Nothing—nothing to speak of," he replied, vaguely. "Then, regaining his self-control, he added: "We had better go back to the wings, Nellie—we shall be called directly."

His hand was shaking, and the girl's keen instinct detected a troubled look in his eyes.

"You are not telling the truth!" she said boldly. "Of course you can have your secrets from me; but I know that young lady in front has something to do with your agitation. Don't trouble to tell an untruth—it is not worth it."

There was no time for explanation. The plaintive notes of The Mait of the Mill came from the orchestra, and this alone would have told Nellie that her cue was near at hand. The call-boy that the moment had come when she must appear before the public.

"Do not forget me—do not forget me—
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The notes rang out as distinctly as if they had been spoken words, and accentuated the conflicting thoughts that had taken possession of Bernard Thorne, and made his peace of mind, right in front of the crowded house, was "the one woman who," as he had often told himself, was the only one for him in the world.

Fate, so he imagined, had come between them and separated them. He had put her quite out of his memory, or had tried his best to do so, by deliberately burning letters, photographs, &c., which could recall the image of Mary McNeil.

Since his entrance into theatrical life this forgetfulness had been an easier task. This afternoon he had flattered himself that all his pasts were buried beyond the power of his retrieve the past by faithful devotion in the service of little Nellie Travers.

And now all this dream was over. That one moment of recognition proved to him what mad folly it had been to believe he could place another idol on the throne of his heart.

He scarcely knew how he got through his part. After the first ordeal of risking detection by his own love was over, he threw himself heart and soul into his work, resolved at any rate to do his duty by Nellie.

Poor Nellie had the hardest part to play, for she was straining all her powers to intercept glances and interpret looks when she might to have been concentrating her thoughts on the play. But she had a brave little heart, and fused no way to the rising storm of passion that was threatening to make shipwreck of her short lived bliss.

Bernard once saw her eyes full of reproach, and took an opportunity of trying to retrieve his position when they were at the back of the stage, supposed to be engaged in some by-play.

"My dear Nellie, what have I done to vex you? Don't you think you owe me an apology for rushing off in that violent way when I was doing my best to entertain you?"

The sad reproach from him was enough, and she almost succeeded in conquering her resentment.

"Forgive me for being so suspicious," she said humbly, her eyes filling with tears; "but, if you only knew how you looked when you met that pretty young lady——Bernard, if any one came between us now, I couldn't bear it—I know I couldn't! A week ago it might have been different; but we have gone too far now."

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The next morning Bernard was strolling alone on the esplanade. Rehearsal—a very short one—was over for the day; but Nellie was absorbed in an under-study secured for her by her spirited playing on the previous evening. He hated himself for admitting it, but already it gave him a sense of relief to know that he had the rest of the morning free and might spend it just as he liked best.

He sauntered along in a brown tweed suit, smoking a cigar, and looking just like one of the crowd, and "not in the least like an actor," as many who passed him would have said with a distinct sense of disappointment had they known his profession.

It was a lovely October morning; the wind was blowing fresh and cool from the sea, and the sunshine was beautifying everything. Suddenly Bernard became aware of a small proceeding approaching him—a bath-chair drawn by a weather-beaten old man, a girl seated in it with a white wistful face, taking in all the brightness around her, and Mary McNeill walking with her hand just lightly resting on the partially-drawn hood of the chair.

Instinctively Bernard stood on one side to let them pass, and his eyes sought the sweet refined face to see what she would do. If there was any confusion of ideas in her mind she did not betray it, for she simply bowed and smiled; whereupon he raised his hat in a rapture of relief.

They passed on, and he had just sufficient presence of mind left not to attempt to follow them. A piano-organ struck up the haunting air, Do not forget me—do not forget. Yes, he would be true to Nellie—he must not forget her happiness; and yet——

His determination was still wavering, though he thought it was surely and safely fixed on duty, when he heard a rapid step behind him, and Mary McNeill again passed him with her eyes fixed on the ground.

He did not think it worth while to keep to the letter of his resolve so rigidly as not to follow her, for she was walking in the same direction as himself. Evidently she was searching for something, for she looked about her in a distracted manner. Could there could be any harm in seeing if he could be of any use! He quickened his steps, coming close to her just when she was gazing despairingly at the beach below.

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The French Girl

If the Englishman is what we like to think him, the average French woman is not. The French woman is without doubt the most feminine of women. She knows where her strength lies and knows how to turn herself into a bad imitation of a man. Her follies and foibles, her virtues and vices, her dress and religion are just those which the ugly sex laugh at and love; and so a wife, a widow, or neither—*une femme, une femme, bourgeoise* or *grisette*, she remains always a woman. Look at the lady of fashion rolling along the Champs Elysees in an elegant carriage and a thousand-franc dress, in which there isn't a shade or a fold out of place; look at the servant girl coming back from market, her hair brushed tidily back, close-fitting black frock, neat boots, and just a glimpse of neat stocking as she catches up her skirts with Gallic grace to cross the muddy road—both equally well dressed, because in exact accordance with circumstances. What is the secret of it? How does the Frenchwoman get her unerring taste? She is a woman. No more, no less.

Female education in France is as yet in its infancy. Until within the last few years the convent schools were almost the only places of education for girls to be found. But the good nuns are more learned in the things of Heaven than in the things of this world, and teach their pupils little history and less science. The echoes of the outer world resound very faintly within the convent walls, and embroidery, music and the lives of the saints are the mainstay of her education. Even during the holidays the French girl is still kept closely guarded. No cricket with brothers, or lawn tennis with the curate. She may not read the newspapers—they are not written for girls—and the novel, that sheet-anchor of British maidenhood, is out of the question. The "locked bookcase," which Mrs. Lynn Lynton is so anxious to see in England, is a necessary piece of furniture in a French household. And so, when she emerges from the convent at the age of eighteen, life is still a mystery to her, "a garden, tempting with forbidden fruit," into which she looks with longing yet timorous eyes. The good sisters have taught her to fear God—sometimes to fear man; but not always.

Even then her time of liberty has not yet come. She has nothing like the "good time" which the English girl enjoys between school and marriage. Tennis parties and picnics imply—men; and the Frenchman is made of stuff too inflammable to be left unwatched for a pair of flashing eyes. And so she is kept for the time in a sort of glass case. She sees men at a distance; they are invited to come and view her, but always under the eye of a duenna. Visitors are requested not to touch. Compared with the freedom of an English "dance," the French "soirees" are "as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine." Those whispered confidences during the ten minutes' "sitting-out" are unknown, and the stairs are only used for the purpose of ascent and descent. But perhaps the best time that the English girl enjoys is when she goes off for a long stay at the house of some former schoolfellow. Her friend's papa has a prescriptive right to kiss her (now and then the right is in entail, and descends to the eldest son). The mother treat her as a sort of half-sister, cousins the same, and the place becomes a kind of second home. In this way she gains the country lane and share with patches of friends, and increases her chance of finding a congenial husband. The French girl has no such opportunities. She seldom can go visiting without her mother, and mother has other children to look after, and people who could very well find room for one extra girl may not care to board and lodge a family.

The "marriage of convenience" is a necessary corollary of this system. A Frenchman knows little of his wife before he marries her. He has not fallen in love with her; he has usually done with love-making. He has no illusions, but feels a comfortable, easy-chair affection for her which is perhaps better than the ardent flame which has burnt itself out "in another place." He marries because he wants to "settle down."

Often he does settle down, for matrimony in France is not always the dismal failure M. Guy de Maupassant would have us believe. Sometimes he finds that the flame had not burnt itself out, and has resort to *un menage en partie double*. And sometimes, too, the wife, finding herself unloved and neglected, decides to seek love and slavery elsewhere. The marriage of convenience has its inconveniences.

But the position of women is fast changing. The Republic knows that the church is its most formidable adversary, and sees the danger of leaving the education of girls exclusively in the hands of nuns. Hitherto, women have been the lever with which the clergy have influenced politics. Knock away this support and the church—at least in France—would not have a leg to stand upon. And so the Clerical party fought tooth and nail in 1877, when the new education code was debated. "*L'ignorance fait la femme, l'instruction fait la femelle*," said a prominent Conservative in the Chamber of Deputies. Have we not heard something like this before from the church? But the Republicans won, and for the last thirteen years *lycees de jeunes filles*, or girls' high schools have been springing up all over the country, in which the clergy have no part or share.

The effects of this reform are already visible in the present generation of French girls. Studying the same subjects as men, admitted to the Paris University, they do not see why they should sit at home while their brothers are enjoying themselves. Society has given them wings, and they want to fly. This feeling is intensified when at Dieppe, Etretat, or Trouville, they see the American and English girls enjoying a freedom which they can only dream of. Fire burns in America as in France; but that does not prevent us from warming our hands. In a country where women have always had such a paramount influence as in France, the result of this change of ideas cannot possibly be over-estimated.

Is it not a marvellous thing that in spite of the restraints put upon unmarried girls, it is just in France that female influence has been most remarkable? *Cherchez la femme* is a French maxim, remember. Go into any artist's studio, any "*atteliers*" of any musician's sanctum, and you will find in nine cases out of ten, a woman behind the curtains. But she is neither his wife, nor his sister, nor his mother. Therein, if we must confess it, lies the secret. The women who have influenced Frenchmen, fired their poetry and inspired their music, are the women who have thrown off restraint. They have become their own mistresses, and other people's as well. They form a distinct class in the society of Paris and the large provincial towns, the class that "violate all the laws of morality and give the most delightful little suppers." But, as the epigram hints, they have more than their immorality to recommend them. The French woman, as we have said, is the most womanly of women; and it is just that which saves her from her sin. She has two feminine qualities in the highest degree developed—delicacy of taste, and the faculty of assimilation. The former saves her from degenerating into coarseness; the latter saves her from sinking into ignorance. That receptive power which enables her to acquire almost by intuition what a man must give a lifetime to learn, which makes the barmaid of yesterday the model *grande dame* of to-day, that is the power which gave Madame de Recamier her hold over Chateaubriand, as it gives hundreds of women their hold over the Frenchmen of to-day. The ascendency of woman in France rests on her delicacy of mind alone; but it is gained by the sacrifice of what we in England look upon as her crowning virtue.

A Sad Error.

"I'm going off on my own hook," said Trouty to his mamma. But he found out too late that the hook belonged to the man at the other end of the line.

A Discourager of Advice.

Rev. Mr. Buckaway—And lastly, my hearers, always we'r a cheerful, encouraging face, with a happy smile (And just then the sun got in through the stained glass window in a spasm of variegated color.)—*Puck.*

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Change of Heart.

The school directors of District Number Nineteen, Perry Township, were holding a meeting. Nobody would have thought it.

The chairman was leaning against his front gate, with his checked shirt sleeves turned back and an axe in his hand, surveying the other two members of the board, who stood outside the fence.

It was a meeting, nevertheless; and its object was nothing less important than the selection of a teacher for the fall term.

"Lyman Doty spoke to me about having the school," said the chairman, dubiously.

"Lyman Doty!" exclaim ed Steve Tenney; a stalwart young fellow, with thick brown hair, white teeth and a square chin, to make up for his lack of downright good looks. "Why, Lyme Doty couldn't teach a baby! He quit school before I did, long enough, and he hasn't studied anything but potatoes and winter wheat since that I know of. Better stick to the farm—eh, Hollis?"

"Guess you're right," responded the third member of the board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of gray hair sticking straight out from his chin.

And the chairman nodded his agreement.

"Well," continued little Mr. Hollis, with an air of importance, "I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. She got a certificate for two years last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Mollie Sanborn would."

"Sanborn!" said Steve. "Any connection of the Sanborns over the river?"

"That's where she's from. She's old John Sanborn's girl—him that died last winter," said Mr. Hollis.

Steve frowned.

"You won't put her into that school then, with my consent," he said, determinedly.

"What?" said Mr. Hollis, with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

"What would you think," the young man responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of sheep at a good price, and half of them died off the next week of a disease he must have known beforehand? That was the trick John Sanborn served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, sir, I can't conscientiously consent to putting any of the Sanborns in that school. Bad lot, in my opinion."

Mr Hollis' small bright eyes snapped.

"Old Sanborn wasn't any too straight, and everybody knows it," he admitted. "But what that's got to do with Mollie is more than I can see. She is as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her."

"Well, well, fight it out between you," said the chairman, good-naturedly, and returned to wood chopping.

The tall young man and the little old one walked up the street together, talking briskly. Mr. Hollis was hot and indignant, Steve was cool and immovable.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in you," said the former, almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in his gate. "If they'd been left well off it would be different; but they're poor as poverty and Mollie needs the place the worst way, I happen to know that."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "If that's the case——"

Mr. Hollis walked away triumphant five minutes later. But Steve Tenney had surrendered with a bad grace.

"I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; "but I don't approve of it. There's not much good in the Sanborns, or I lose my guess."

School began two weeks later when the cool wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction of kitchen stoves.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new teacher, and acted accordingly. He did not call at the schoolhouse the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted—the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy, and was utterly indifferent as to whether anything was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned, and he avoided Mr. Hollis' comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however, a month or so after school had begun.

"Guess you'll have to own up being in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We haven't had a teacher for years that's given such satisfaction that Mollie does. The children all rave about her—all of 'em."

"My opinion has yet to be altered," he said, rather stiffly.

Mr. Hollis looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a new broom and water pail," he said as he rose. "I told her she had better come to you about it."

"That schoolhouse had a new broom last week, and a water pail term before last!" said the young director, emphatically.

And Mr. Hollis took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening the young man, sitting in a pew in the small wooden church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkably pretty girl, but fair and fresh, with red lunc. cent, with a bright intelligence in the dark eyes, and a sweetness in the full lips.

"Who is she?" was the first question, after the services were concluded, addressed as it happened to little Mr. Hollis, who had come in late.

"?" the latter repeated in astonishment. "Why, that's our teacher—that's Mollie Sanborn! That's my wife she's with, don't you see? I'm waiting to take 'em home."

Steve found himself wishing quite frequently after that, that the new teacher would come to him about the pail and broom. Not that he should get them if he found that they were not needed, but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Hollis, carelessly, when he met him one day.

"Well, you see," was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, but I s'pose she heard about it. She can't help what her father was, Mollie can't, and she's real sensitive, too."

The young man looked disturbed. That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"I might as well go and see about that broom and water pail," he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

And he went in accordingly. The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling book she held, and her colour was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat, feeling unpleasantly onrcish.

She was hearing the last spelling-class. How pretty she looked, standing there in her dark blue calico dress and white apron! What a sweet voice she had! though putting out "hen, men, pen," to a long line of fidgetting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve, at last, apologetically, "and see if anything was needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the performance of his duty.

"I—don't think so," she murmured timidly.

"What a brute she must think me!" Steve reflected, with some self disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said, with a conscience stricken glance at its stubby end.

The little teacher nodded.

"Your water pail seems to leak," the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have some new ones," Steve concluded.

He was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail. He took her hatch latch from her hand as they started away together; and having taken it, could hardly surrender it short of Mr. Hollis' gate. He was a little reluctant to surrender it even then. For their first awkwardness had quite worn off; their walk had been far from unpleasant; and they were feeling quite well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, and recalling her pretty way of saying them. He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at or listen to. His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr. Hollis, who dropped in that evening.

"Lyme Doty couldn't have the school," he observed, with a chuckle, "but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher."

"What?" asked Steve, with a sudden, unexplainable sinking of his heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Hollis. "Went to visit the school last week; and he was asking me to-day whether Mollie had any way of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Mollie generally walks, but I guess she'll be glad of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve, warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him!"

Mr. Hollis stared. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

"Well, Lyme's a good, steady fellow," he said deprecatingly.

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.

The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the teacher closed school the next Friday night she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week. Nor did the prospect of her four miles' walk home serve to cheer her. She locked the door and started down the road with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming down the road. Mollie gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground. It was the young director, and he was coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuse, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say that I'm going over the river on business and happened to th nk that you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively, as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr. Hollis' and leave my dinner-basket," she said demurely.

Mr. Hollis was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director as he assisted the teacher to the ground, and sat down on the horse-block to wait for her.

"Lyme Doty was here after Mollie just now," he said, almost gaspingly. "I sent him down to the schoolhouse."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking, nevertheless, in a shamefaced way, and avoiding the little man's eyes—"you see, I feel as though it was my bounden duty to keep Lyme Doty away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back, and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Mollie home in his buggy," said Mr. Hollis, joining his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end."

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Mollie."

"He says he's doing it from a sense of duty," continued Mr. Hollis, chuckling, as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty'll take him!"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything," said Mrs. Hollis, mysteriously.

The Hollises—and perhaps Lyme Doty—were the only ones who were not surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term, and was quietly married to the young director. The chairman of the school board is wondering over it yet.

The United States Lead in Physicians.

There is certainly no more curious social phenomenon than that of the extraordinary popularity of the medical calling in this country as a means of securing a livelihood.

The subject is one that is often dwelt upon, but we doubt if many yet realize the grotesque proportion which medicine in the United States holds to other broad winning occupations. Here are some of the naked facts in the matter:

France has 38,000,000 of population, 11,995 doctors, while it graduates 624 medical students in one year.

Germany has 45,000,000 of population, about thirty thousand doctors, and graduates 935 students in one year.

The United States has about sixty millions of population, nearly one hundred thousand doctors, 13,091 medical students, and graduates 3,740 students in one year.

Germany, which has relatively less than half as many doctors as America, is already groaning over its surplus. When one compares France with this country, the excess of medical men here seems most astonishing. A comparison of the United States with European countries, in whatever way it is made, leads one to think that there is something almost morbid in our medical fecundity.—*Medical Record.*

Artemus Ward's Last Joke.

Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography in the August *Century*, relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward.

When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton he was attended by his devoted friend "Tom" Robertson, the English playwright, who was also a friend of J. Jefferson.

"Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend.

"Ward said: 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.'

"Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug; 'there's a dear fellow. Do now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you.'

"Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

"I would indeed,' said Robertson.

"Then you take it,' said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward."

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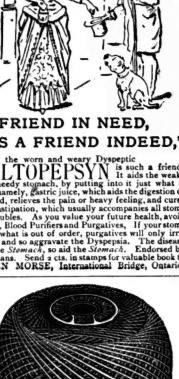

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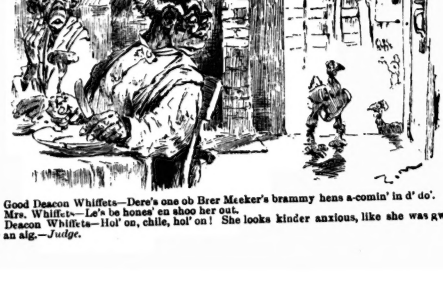

Good Deacon Whiffets—Dere's one ob Brer Meeker's brammy hens a-comin' in d' do'.
Mrs. Whiffets—Le's be hones' en shoo her out.
Deacon Whiffets—Hol' on, chile, hol' on! She looks kinder anxious, like she was gwine t' lay an alg.—*Judge.*

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VOL. III] TORONTO, AUG. 2, 1890. [No. 36

In Darkest Africa.

On Tuesday of this week appeared the Canadian edition of Henry M. Stanley's book, bearing the above title. In its typographical appearance and mechanical finish, it bears all the evidences of skilled and careful workmanship. The engravings are up to the magazine standard and are very well printed. It is in two volumes, neatly bound, with portraits of Mr. Stanley as frontispieces to each volume. One shows him as he appeared in 1886, and the other is the familiar portrait of the present, which has spread to the remotest corners of civilization. The change in his appearance, in those four short years, in itself prepares the reader for the story of hardships and suffering which the letter press of this work relates. Accompanying each volume is a neat map of the scenes traversed and explored.

These books will be the most widely-read volumes of the year. Already they have been translated into a number of foreign languages—for the world was waiting to hear the authentic account of those years spent in a land of mystery. For months nothing but fugitive and prurious newspaper dispatches told the eager public of how the world wagged with the intrepid traveler and the faithful few who stood by him in this wonderful expedition. The habitable portions of the earth into which the explorer has not yet ventured are growing fewer and fewer. When, therefore, a traveler has braved the terrors of the unknown and comes back to tell his story, his words have for every one all the absorbing power of revelation. Africa is the *terra incognita* towards which the world has long turned a curious eye. Ever since the first feeble explorations of the last century revealed some of the resources of this great land the work of discovery has been going on. All that became known of it but stimulated the imagination and the curiosity to speculate on the wonders that were yet hidden. With its almost limitless expanse of desert, with its luxuriant tropical vegetation, with its mysteries of tangled jungle and dark forest, with the strange and savage beings inhabiting it, with its inexhaustible resources and its mighty rivers rolling seaward nobody knew whence, it was as a fairy-land for the curious and a perpetual temptation to the adventurous. Little by little, however, the reality has been brought to light. The sources of the great river which was intimately associated with the dawn of civilization and history remained to be discovered by a Briton in the nineteenth century. The mysterious land has been penetrated and the creations of the imagination have been rivalled by the wonders of the reality. Commerce and civilization will soon follow in the explorer's track and the unknown land will flow with milk and honey.

The man who has something new to relate is always listened to with attention, let him tell it never so badly. The story of Darkest Africa as related by Mr. Stanley is a wonderful narrative related with a vigor and directness which present a graphic and lucid picture of that tumultuous journey. The untiring, irrepressible spirit of the man who could meet such hardships as are here described without flinching, is mirrored in the style of the writer. Sitting down, as he did at Cairo, immediately after returning from his scene of action, with the spirit of his work still upon him and the memory of those stirring events fresh in his mind, and pouring forth the whole narrative in about two months, he has probably conveyed to paper as vivid an idea of his exploits as language is capable of. His is not the style of the writer, but of the man of action. He may not excite the feelings of the reader as the former would do, but there is truth and conviction in his trenchant and vigorous composition. His descriptive passages are frequently marvelous, as, for instance, the following account of the situation of Starvation Camp:

> No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet, and pent in the never ceasing uproar created by the writhing and tortured stream and the twin cataracts that ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful water, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers, to watch the leaping waves, coiling and twisting into changing columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times and past generations; then think of the night with its palpable blackness, the dead-black shadows of the wooded hills, that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness, that misery engendered by loneliness and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men.

Of his officers he speaks in the most kindly terms. Of Jephson, Stairs, Nelson and Parke he say: "No four men entered Africa with such qualities as these. No leader ever had cause to bless his stars as I."

There are passages in this work which will go down the ages. It is from such exploits that history is made and from such books as this that history is written. When centuries hence the annals of this great land are written there will be embodied in them the pioneer stories of Stanley and Livingstone. VAN.

IN DARKEST AFRICA, by Henry M. Stanley. Presbyterian News Co., Toronto. General agent for city, George R. Lancefield.

Music.

Those who have never heard the great Strauss orchestra, and who go to hear it when it plays here in September next, will meet with a rich treat. It is not only that the orchestra is a good one, but also that the playing is marked with so strong an individuality, not to say eccentricity, that one is almost tempted to feel that he has never heard a waltz until Strauss played one. The charm is almost indescribable; brilliant, effervescent, capricious, yet always musical. Strauss stands and conducts with violin and bow in hand, alternately playing and conducting. The orchestra came under the direction of Eduard Strauss, the youngest of the three sons of Johann, the original organizer of the band, at the St. Petersburg summer concerts in 1865, and in 1870 Eduard took his brother Johann's place as director of the Vienna court balls, so that for the last twenty years the orchestra has been in charge of the conductor under whose leadership its first American tour is made. Eduard Strauss was born in Vienna in 1835, and received a liberal education in his native city. His father was bitterly opposed to having his sons follow his own career as a musician, but as the boy Eduard did not select his occupation until after his father's death, he followed his own inclinations, and devoted himself entirely to music, learning to play the harp and studying composition with Preyer. He made his *debut* as conductor in 1862, and after assuming direction of the family orchestra, made annual tours, with great success, to the leading continental cities. He has also repeated the successes of his father in London, and his band made one of the great attractions of the jubilee year in England. The concerts will take place at the Pavilion on Wednesday and Thursday, September 17 and 18, under the management of Mr. Percival T. Greene. Subscription lists are now at Messrs. Nordheimers' and Suckling & Son's.

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The poor luck which attended Liberati's business when in Toronto, stuck to him closer than a brother even after he started for the setting sun. At Detroit the band registered a large-sized protest because "the ghost did not walk," and a general row was the result. When the atmosphere had become clear again, it was found that Signor Liberati was no longer proprietor, but only one of the band, which now proceeds as a commonwealth, the conductor and the drummer being on an equal basis as to pecuniary results. It is still a question, however, whether there will be any more money for any one of its members as a result of the new deal, as it takes about all the money the band can earn at such a season as this to pay its board and railway bills.

The annual general meeting of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, the eighteenth in its history, was held on Monday evening, when a satisfactory statement of the society's affairs was laid before the meeting. The election of officers resulted in the following roster: Conductor, F. H. Torrington; Hon. President, George Gooderham; President, John Earls; Vice-Presidents, J. T. Jones, R. S. Gourlay; Treasurer, W. C. Matthews; Secretary, H. W. Williamson; Assistant Sec.-Treas., A. L. Ebbels; Committee, C. D. Daniel, L. J. Clark, W. H. Fairbairn, A. C. Fairweather, R. Tenning, jr., J. M. Treble, D. E. Cameron, W. H. Pearson, E. Douglas Armour, Q.C., F. W. Winter, A. R. Clarke, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. James and Mrs. Kerr; Pianist, George Bowles; Librarian, C. Riddy; Auditors, W. Cummings, J. Blakeley.

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The enterprising Lorne Parkers on Tuesday evening gave another of their pleasing concerts, the programme being arranged by Mr. John Earls. The music was provided by Miss Ella Paterson, the Masters Sloane, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Mr. J. C. Little, the accompaniments being played by Miss Kate Ryan.

•

The Toronto Vocal Society has secured the services as accompanist of Miss E. H. Mockridge, sister of Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the favorite young Canadian tenor. Miss Mockridge has already at several concerts in Toronto shown her efficiency in this exacting department of musical efficiency, and will prove a valuable aid to the society when its operations commence in the autumn.

Another subscription list now open to the public is that of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Signor D'Auria. As this organization is the result of a laudable ambition and public spirit on the part of the principal professional instrumentalists in the city, and as they propose to give six concerts during the season, with the low price of three dollars for one reserved seat for each concert, all who have the cause of orchestral music at heart should give practical form to their sentiment by subscribing. These gentlemen have combined, and play without any pecuniary advantage to themselves, save what may be the result of the season's operations, and show a spirit of enterprise and independence which deserves the fullest support. METRONOME.

Premature.

> Lonely sits the little maiden
> On the seashore, sadly fretting.
> All her heart is sorrow-laden,
> Just because the sun is setting.
>
> Cheer up, maiden, I implore you,
> Wait with patience; you will find
> That the sun, which set before you
> Soon will pop up from behind.
>
> —*Illustrated American.*

He Wasn't Superstitious.

Teacher (in grammar-school)—Your lesson today is on nouns. Nouns are names of things.

Small Boy—Is ghost a noun?

Teacher—Yes.

Small Boy—How can it be? They ain't no such thing as a ghost!

The Result of It.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the magistrate of the pickpocket.

"Oh, I take things as they come," was the reply.

And the next thing he took was six months.

The Drama.

There are a limited number of actors, singers, dancers, agents and managers who are likely to be left out in the cold during the coming season because they have been branded by the Thespian guide as "Jonahs," says the New York *Mercury*. This title implies that its owner is figuratively a bird of ill-omen who never prospers and whose presence on the stage brings bad luck to his associates. It is not uncommon for actors and actresses to refuse to accept engagements in companies containing a recognized "Jonah," and it is equally true that some managers decline to have any dealings with the unfortunates thus hoodooed, because they believe them to have been singled out by Providence as theatrical disaster signals. It is usual at this season of the year for little knots of Thespians to discuss the prospects of outgoing plays and companies, and while there may be a diversity of opinion among these in regard to the strength of the attractions to be offered, the verdict of failure by reason of the presence of a "Jonah" actor in the company is invariably unanimous. It does not matter at the beginning how strong the play or star may be or how well the enterprise may be backed financially, a "Jonah" in the organization is regarded as a sure sign of what is technically termed a "busted" before the end of the season. It would seem wise for a professional who has been once marked as a "Jonah" to abandon the stage and seek employment in other callings, but, from past experience, only death can eliminate this class of unfortunates from the theatrical ranks. That actors, singers and all those who make a livelihood in the theater are superstitious is a recognized fact in green-room circles. Whistling in a theater during rehearsals, or at any time, unless it constitutes part of the performance, is regarded as in the highest degree unlucky. Mme. Celeste had a spasm whenever any person whistled in the theater. Whistling in the green-room is said to betoken a new and poorer engagement, and to whistle in the dressing-room is held to indicate a change of cast with the whistler left out. For two actors to look in the same glass on the night of the production of a new play is taken to be a sure indication of its failure. To wear green on the stage except in Irish plays and the singing of Locke's Macbeth music at rehearsals are also regarded as omens of bad luck, and that is said to be the reason which induced Henry Irving to obtain the score for his recent production of Macbeth from Sir Arthur Sullivan. Dancers, especially those from Italy, are fearfully superstitious and dread to behold cross-eyed people among those in the front lest some accident should happen to them before the fall of the curtain. To fortify themselves against the "evil eye," the dancers, prior to bounding upon the stage make the sign of the cross while devoutly giving utterance to *In nome il Padre, il Filio, il Santo Spirito, Amen* (in the name of the Father, etc.). It has frequently surprised non-professionals to discover so many superstitious people in a profession which boasts the possession of so many members notable for their high grade of intelligence.

•

A game of poker has led to a violent quarrel between Comedians Nat C. Goodwin and W. J. Scanlan. They played all night and part of the next day in a Philadelphia hotel with several friends. Scanlan was a loser, and he paid with promises only, afterward breaking them for the reason, as he declares, that Goodwin had introduced a card sharper into the party. They are now airing their dirty linen in one of the dramatic papers.

•

The new play which Roland Reed will produce next season is an adaptation by Dion Boucicault from the French, which created considerable stir in Paris on its first production three several seasons ago. The subject will be localized and extended into three acts. The character which Mr. Reed will portray is that of an old steamboat captain, in which he is destined to make a great hit.

•

At Prague, Bohemia, Shakespeare's Macbeth was lately acted with the Thanes of Cawdor and Fife and their clansmen garbed in Austrian uniforms by order of the state censor.

•

Frank Millet, the artist, is designing the costumes for Julia Marlowe's Imogene and Beatrice. He designed the dresses for Modjeska for the same characters. He promises something novel and at the same time artistic and historically correct for Marlowe.

•

> "Our Mary" has a little man
> Whose name's Antonio;
> And everywhere that Mary goes
> That man is sure to go.
>
> He followed her abroad one day,
> And on the other side
> He won her heart and then her hand,
> And made her there his bride.
>
> "What makes the man love Mary so?"
> The wondering people cry.
> 'Cause Mary loves the man, you know—
> Jehoshaphat! Oh, my! —*Chicago Times.*

•

Mme. Rhea is in Paris arranging to act there, and if successful is not likely to return to America until late in the fall.

•

They say that John L. Sullivan, the prize fighter, will debut as a star actor at Niblo's, in September, in a new play, Honest Hearts and Willing Hands. Actor Sullivan will appear as a blacksmith, and like Joseph Murphy in The Kerry Gow, he will make horseshoes on the stage.

•

An English paper says: "Now that the Prince of Wales has made another speech of thanks to Mme. Nordica, she should have a prosperous tour in America whenever she goes."

•

Galignani says that when Jean Richepin read his play La Glaive at the Comedie-Francaise, a gentleman who looked over his manuscript was surprised to see "your legs" written at the beginning of each act in large letters. M. Richepin, who is in the habit when reading of crossing his legs, had made this note to remind himself to change his position in time to avoid an attack of cramp.

•

Margaret Mather is going to produce Bernhardt's play Joan of Arc next season. "It has been the dream of my life," said Miss Mather, "to play Joan of Arc. She is my favorite heroine in history, and it will give me intense pleasure to portray the emotions and ambitions that characterized her romantic career." Miss Mather is having a beautiful white charger imported from France, which she intends using in one of the scenes of the piece. It is probable that she will also carry across the water with her one of the descendants of the great French heroine for the cast.

Art and Artists.

Another young Canadian artist who is winning honors for himself in Paris is Mr. C. A. Smith of Galt. The Galt *Reporter* speaking of his work recently says: The recent paintings of this rising young artist, son of our townsman, Mr. W. T. Smith, are attracting considerable attention among the critics of Paris. His last addition to the Salon, Les Gamins S'Amusent, is very highly spoken of. That celebrated critic, Louis Enault, thinks so much of it that he has given place for a phototype reproduction and a description of the picture in his publication, *Paris-Salon*, and none but the very best are mentioned in this journal. Mr. Smith is the only English-speaking artist mentioned in the publication.

•

Mrs. Jopling is perhaps the most famous woman artist in London. Still in the prime of life, she has been married three times. Her first husband died when she was only a girl. Mr. Jopling, whose name she has made famous, lived till about three years ago, and she has now been for some time the wife of a Mr. Rowe, who makes no objection to her still signing her work and being known generally by the name that she has made celebrated. He says that he is proud to be "Mrs. Jopling's husband." Her pictures this year are mainly portraits. One is of Major Dacre, who is the husband of a fashionable London dress-maker, Kate O'Reilly.

•

Mr. W. A. Sherwood is holidaying at Newmarket.

Who They Are.

Here is a list of distinguished American wits and humorists, their names and *noms de plume*:

Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.
Andrew Jack Downing—Seba R. Smith.
Artemus Ward—Charles Farrar Browne.
Bill Arp—Charles H. Smith.
Gath—George Alfred Townsend.
Fat Contributor—A. Miner Griswold.
Hawkeye Man—Robert J. Burdette.
Howadjii—George William Curtis.
Ik Marvel—Donald Grant Mitchell.
John Paul—Charles H. Webb.
John Phœnix—Capt. George H. Derby.
Mark Twain—Samuel L. Clemens.
Max Adler—Charles H. Clark.
Eli Perkins—Melville D. Landon.
Petroleum V. Nasby—David R. Locke.
Bill Nye—Wm. Edgar Nye.
Nym Crynkle—Andrew C. Wheeler.
Old Sil—Samuel W. Small.
Orpheus C. Kerr—Robert H. Newell.
Pelig Wales—William A. Croffut.
Peter Plymley—Sidney Smith.
Miles O'Reilly—Charles G. Halpin.
Peter Parley—H. C. Goodrich.
Ned Buntline—Col. Judson.
Brick Pomeroy—M. M. Pomeroy.
Josiah Allen's Wife—Marietta Holley.
Philander Q. K. Doesticks—Mortimer Thompson.
Mrs. Partington—Benj. P. Shillabar.
Spoopendyke—Stanley Huntley.
Uncle Remus—Joel Chandler Harris.
Hosea Bigelow—James Russell Lowell.
Fanny Fern—Sara Payson Willis.
Grandfather Lickshingle—Robert W. Criswell.
M. Quad—Charles B. Lewis.

Among those who use no *noms de plume* are W. L. Alden, John Habberton, H. C. Dodge, Fred Nye, Eugene Field, Alex. Sweet, Bret Harte, George L. Catlin, Oliver Wendell Holmes and John G. Saxe.—*Current Literature.*

The Disadvantage of a Juvenile Appearance.

A young clergyman had gone to supply the vacant pulpit of the church in a midland village. He was just out of the theological seminary, and had an extremely boyish appearance.

A little before the hour, the new minister made his way almost unnoticed into the pulpit, where he was concealed from view by the reading-desk in front of him. But an old lady who sat close on the right of the pulpit, in consideration of her deafness, was much concerned to see a boy in the place of the expected clergyman. So she arose very softly, stepped on tiptoe to the pulpit-stairs, and, beckoning with her forefinger, whispered loudly, in coaxing accents:

"Come down, my boy. You mustn't sit there. That's the place for the minister!"

Overheard in Olympus.

"There is a strange-looking female at the gate, Jupiter," said Hebe. "She wants to see you."

"Is she unarmed?"

"Yes."

"It must be Venus of Milo. Let her in."—*N. Y. Sun.*

No Objections.

"How comes it, mam'selle, that you are so eager to accept the attentions of Lieutenant Brown? I thought you were both engaged." "So we are, but not to each other."

Random Shots.

Two for a scent—a brace of pointers.
Beats—all out of doors—tramps.
Wedding belles—the bridesmaids.
The lightning-rod agent can give every body points.

Lady of the house to tramp—If I give you breakfast will you saw some wood for me?

Tramp—That would be against my principles, madam; I have carefully considered the question and have come to the conclusion that our forests are being stripped of their timber too rapidly for the future prosperity of the country.

Hope is bonusing a cigar factory. The enterprise is sure to end in smoke.

An article in a paper reads: "The decline of the whaling industry." This will be good news to bad boys generally.

Bored of Education—a tired schoolboy.

A tooth-brush fairly bristles with good points.

The order of the day, and night, too, frequently—move on.

A bar tender—five cents for a drink.

The Belt Line—the waist.

Tight lacing—When a father thrashes his son who comes home drunk.

I am much given to reading novels, and am particularly fond of Looking Backward when a pretty young lady passes me in the street.

In the Behring Sea dispute it may be expected that any agreement that may be come to between England and the United States will have the seals of both nations attached.

PERCY B. SMITH.

Musings.

For Saturday Night.

> She gathered a wreath of the blossoms fair,
> Where the blossoms fair in the wild wood grew,
> And of every hue.
> A wreath to twine in her flowing hair,
> Of the lilies white and the flower bells blue.
>
> A happy maid on a happy morn,
> A reaper's girl, and her song was gay
> As she tossed the hay;
> But she heard not the sound of the calling horn,
> For she stopped to muse on the flowered way.
>
> She stopped to smile and a wreath to twine—
> "For my lover true I shall meet to-night
> By the dim starlight,
> Till the night wind sigh in the sleeping pine,
> Till the fire of the midnight moon gleam bright.
>
> "We shall meet to-night. As the violet blue,
> As the lily fair are his brow and eye.
> And I know not why,
> Dear shepherd boy, but I love you true,
> And sweetly, sweetly, the hours go by."
>
> But the lilies had withered from out her curls,
> And the wreath was gone ere the day was done,
> Or the setting sun
> Had kissed the brows of the laughing girls,
> Or the raven ringlets of this fair one.
>
> And the long light steals thro' a rich man's bower,
> And his gardens glow like the rainbowed skies.
> And a maiden sighs
> And she stops and toys with a blushing flower,
> And the glow of the distant day-star dies.
>
> She smiles. "For my true love shall meet me soon,
> In the quiver of Nature afar in the night
> Gleam her arrows bright.
> Let this star-quiver fade in the midnight moon,
> For 'tis lost to me in thine own eyes' light."
>
> Dear girl, in her dreamings this lover wore
> Her beautiful rose, but she could not tell
> Why the tear-drop fell.
> And she loved him better than e'er before,
> And the angels knew that she loved him well.
>
> But the night peer'd in with his locks of dew,
> And he kissed her brow with his ebon lips;
> But his finger-tips
> Had torn her lover's rose in two,
> And out of her dreaming hand it slips.
>
> And the lilies withered, the rose bud fell,
> And the reaper's girl is the rich man's bride,
> And her stronger pride
> Forgets the lad that she loved so well,
> And the lilies fair on the ingle side.
>
> And the wife of the poor man forgets that day
> With its shattered rose and the fallen tear,
> And her lover dear,
> And the flowers that grew in the far away
> In a richer home, and is happy here.
>
> And thus we may muse and dream and sigh
> And fondly grasp what we think is ours,
> But God o'erpowers,
> And the lilies wither and roses die,
> And our dreams will fly as the fading flowers.
>
> For God knows best, though His wise decrees
> With our own dim vision we often scorn,
> Till some glorious morn,
> We find, with the precious threads he weaves,
> A golden fillet our brow adorn. O. J. STAWESSON.

Canada.

For Saturday Night.

> Thou land of lake and prairie,
> Of mountain, glen and vale,
> Of woodland nymph and fairy,
> Our Canada—all hail!
> Land of the flowing river,
> We'll sing where'er we roam,
> "The maple leaf for ever,"
> "And Canada our home."
>
> Thou land of perfect beauty,
> Of justice, truth and right,
> Of men who know their duty,
> And do it with their might.
> Earth's struggling sons flock to thee
> Across the western foam,
> Her fairest daughters wo the
> Our Canada—our home.
>
> Star of the west they own thee,
> Assume thy regal mien,
> The nations wait to crown thee
> The Occidental Queen.
> They come to swell the anthem
> 'Neath gilded spire and dome,
> "The maple leaf for ever,"
> "And Canada our home."
>
> "The maple leaf for ever,"
> Badge of the brave and free,
> Tyrannic hoof shall never
> Defile our maple tree!
> For aye the leaf will quiver,
> By Dryads wept and gnome,
> "The maple leaf for ever,"
> "And Canada our home."
>
> GEORGE MOFFAT.

Buff Shoes.

For Saturday Night.

> A girl, a very pretty girl,
> Went mincing down King street,
> She had a dainty parasol,
> Her hat is was "too sweet;"
> Her gloves were long and yellow kid,
> Her collar was a ruff,
> Her dress was red, her stockings black,
> And her shoes were colored buff.
>
> A matron from the suburbs,
> With dress of purple hue,
> An ancient green umbrella,
> And a bonnet of bright blue;
> Her hair was rather wind-blown,
> Her complexion it was rough,
> Her gloves were large and roomy,
> But her shoes were made of buff.
>
> A "kid" of seven summers
> Came toddling down the street,
> With a nurse girl in an apron,
> And they both looked nice and neat:
> "Say, nurse, I want some candy;"
> "Oh! no, you've had enough,"
> The nurse girl dream-like answered,
> As she eyed her shoes of buff.
>
> A youth, a pet of fashion,
> Hailed a "don't-cher-know, how caw,"
> And settled in the corner
> With many a b'ooming "haw!"
> And when the car got crowded
> He "cussed" a man "qu te rough"
> For tramping on his toe-ists
> In his shoes of colored buff.
>
> Now, people of Toronto,
> And of other cities too,
> "Just listen while I tell you"
> Of this new thing in a shoe:
> It soon will be a "chestnut,"
> 'Twill soon be worn enough;
> But the universal joy is now
> A shoe of brilliant buff. VIOLET ROBERTS.

Noted People.

Rider Haggard is said to resemble the Emperor of Germany.

George Kennan's articles have been translated into German, Dutch, Polish, Russian and Bulgarian.

George W. Childs contributed one hundred dollars towards the fund for the purchase of Wordsworth's cottage.

John Greenleaf Whittier, though a frequent attendant of the Friends' church in Amesbury, Mass., has never been known to "speak in meeting."

Bret Harte, says the London *Star*, is now living in a quiet cottage in Grove-end-road. He is getting old, and his hair is white; but the novelist still retains his old fire.

The address-cards of the German Emperor are without crests, crowns, or other ornaments, and bear only the words: "Wilhelm, German Emperor and King of Prussia."

Miss Frances E. Willard's "den" at her home, Evanston, Ill., has been enlarged, refitted and refurnished at a cost of $850, contributed by a number of ladies and gentlemen.

Professor Huxley's autograph is appended to a letter containing this passage:—"I look upon autograph hunters as a progeny of Cain, and treat their letters accordingly; heaven forgive you if you are only an unusually ingenious specimen of the same race."

Eduard Strauss, fortunately for himself, has a lovely daughter who can speak English fluently, otherwise the great Eduard would have a hard time of it in his business in the United States, for they say the only two words he can say in English are, "Thank you."

Joaquin Miller, in My Own Story, the book which deals with his life, speaks enthusiastically of his Indian friends. His intimate acquaintance with them during the Modoc war has led him to offer a lasting tribute of his confidence and esteem towards those who are so faithful to their friends.

Miss Braddon, the queen of circulating libraries, was attracted, as a girl, both to the profession of literature and the stage. She acted in several country theaters, and at the same time wrote short stories and literary sketches, her first little books seeing the light through the press of a provincial publisher.

It is reported that Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt and her son, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, will erect, at a cost of $250,000, a People's Palace, somewhat after the plan offered by Mr. Walter Besant in All Sorts and Conditions of Men. The building will stand at the corner of Forty-second street and Third avenue, and will be devoted to the use and recreation of the poor of New York.

The Duchess of Montrose, who is well known as an owner of racing horses, had a peculiar experience with one of her grooms recently. She thinks that he formed a syndicate to overcharge her grossly for excess baggage while traveling, and when she discharged him for this, he organized a strike among her servants, who refused to prepare breakfast unless she came to terms. She went without breakfast, won the strike and defeated the groom in a suit which he brought for his wages.

Dr. Hans Meyer, the German explorer of Africa, who was first to put his feet on the summit of Kilima Njaro, is now preparing to make an attempt to ascend Mount Kenia, the second highest mountain in Africa. One great difficulty which he will have to meet is scarcity of provisions; so before attacking the mountain in earnest he will spend some time in the neighborhood trying to make friends with the natives, and to arrange a service for carrying provisions to his camp in the mountain. He will be accompanied by Ludwig Purtschellar of Salzburg, an accomplished mountaineer who assisted him to ascend Kilima-Njaro.

Julius M. Case, of Marquette, Michigan, who died suddenly at the Victoria Hotel in London recently, cultivated one or two amusing eccentricities. One of Case's fads was his collection of walking-sticks. One of his sticks had the head of a bulldog, life-size, and Case would calmly carry it in the street, unmindful of the fact that every passer-by stopped to look at him. Another cane had the head of a monkey, which, when a spring was touched, stuck out its tongue and winked its eyes, and Case was fond of walking down Piccadilly with it under his arm, blinking and lolling its tongue, while he appeared absolutely unconscious that he was attracting attention. Case's favorite cane, however, was one that had served as a sign in umbrella-shops. It was something like five feet long and had a buckhorn handle six inches in circumference and at least three feet in length. With this small tree it was Case's delight to go out in Pall Mall and Piccadilly in search of dudes. Whenever he found a gilded youth carrying a walking-stick by the ferrule end, with its handle downward, after the fashion affected by the London masher, Case would take his big stick by the extreme tip, holding it up with elbow akimbo, put a small eye-glass, with a black rim, in his eye, and, ranging himself about two feet in the rear of his victim, fol ow him until he reversed his cane or got into a cab to escape his tormentor.

Chris. Has Much to Answer For.

A decrepit old woman entered a shop on Church street one morning last week and asked for assistance "just to keep a bite in the mouths of herself and her poor, helpless childer. Hiven save them."

"Good morning, Mrs. Flanigan," said the clerk, to whom both her name and occupation were well known. "How's business with you to-day?"

"Och, sor, thank ye for askin', sor, but its the bad time Oi have ye it and the hard work to get along intoirely. Divil take the day that Columbus ever dishcovered Ameriky, for if it wasn't for that same, shure I'd never have left the ould sod at all, at all."

Pays to Cultivate Him.

Mr. Billus (angrily)—Maria, who is that smirking idiot out there in the kitchen talking to Bridget?

Mrs. Billus—That is Blocky, the iceman, John.

Mr. Billus (much mollified)—Let them have the parlor, Maria.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Roping Contest.

One of the most interesting things I saw while I was in Texas was a roping contest at the Concho Country Fair.

The winner of the first prize—a beautiful cowboy saddle—was to be the contestant who should rope and tie down a steer in the shortest time. The second prize was a gorgeous gold and silver trimmed sombrero, and was to be won by the contestant making the second best time.

Each man has but one trial, so that if a horse stumbles in a prairie dog hole, or the rider misses upon his first throw, or falls to get a quick start after the steer at the outset, he is gone, and it is very largely luck after all, and the best man does not necessarily get the saddle—or even the sombrero.

They were a fine looking lot of fellows, nearly all of them. Business men, deputy sheriffs and marshals and some of our best looking and most popular young society men—for almost everybody has or has had cattle, and it is pretty nearly a part of a young man's collateral education to be able to ride like a Cossack and rope a steer in good shape. It is the intention to run up as close alongside or behind the steer as possible and, while going about his own gait, throw the rope over his horns; then, by following along with the rope slack, it may be gotten clear under him as he runs; then, by taking a turn around the pommel, it is secured, the pony suddenly stopped, braced with all his strength, and the steer is thrown clean heels over head, literally.

By a dexterous jerk and good management a steer may be thrown when the rope has caught but one horn, but it will usually slip off in such cases.

If, when he has been roped and the rope made fast to the pommel, a steer suddenly bolts sideways, he is very apt to pull horse and rider over—especially if he be big and the pony little. When the steer has been thrown all right, the rider jumps off and runs to tie him, leaving the pony to hold him by keeping the line from the pommel to his horns taut. And this was to me the prettiest picture in the whole panorama. The sagacious little pony, standing with his nose to the fallen adversary, straining at the line, and watching the steer with bright, knowing eyes. He realizes he's in a bad fix if that steer gets up, and he hasn't the least intention of letting him do so.

In the first place all the wild and vicious steers that can be found on the ranges and ranches about are gathered up and brought, fighting, bellowing and protesting, to the fair grounds and put in a pen there.

This pen had a smaller one opening out of it by means of a couple of big bars, and its further end also consisted of bars. When the announcement was made that the contest would now take place, a steer was turned into this smaller pen. He, of course, dashed furiously to the end, and finding it closed turned to rush back as he came. Here he met a mounted man with a big whip or club, who fought him back while another finished putting up the bars. He plunges back and forth, and is haled about with sticks, clubs, yells and whoops until perfectly maddened, when the outer bars are suddenly withdrawn, and he leaps out into the opening. The contestant whose turn it is, is standing close to one side, and is after him like a shot.

The first steer was a big, lean, sorrel-colored one, with horns about four feet across at the points, and that ran like a deer. The cowboy was a fine, handsome, keen-looking fellow, and his pony one of the best cow-ponies in the country—a little white fellow, bearing the favorite name of Possum, with big, bright, black eyes, quick as a cat, a "regular trump." They got a fair start with the steer, the throw was made successfully, and then came the moment of suspense, when the pony was straining every nerve to keep with the steer, while the rider watched each turn to catch and throw him by an endwise jerk. This he succeeded in doing, then leaped from the saddle to tie him down, leaving Possum to hold him. He had but touched the ground when the steer made a sudden, convulsive effort and rose to his feet. But Possum's eye was on him, he instantly ran backward and jerked him flat. By this time the cowboy reached the steer, jumped on him and tied his feet, and the business was completed.

Now recommenced the yelling and whooping, and a big white steer tears into the pen and is half across the bars before he can be beaten back. He finally bursts through the bars before they can be taken down. This time it is the deputy sheriff, mounted on a little clay-bank, with a silver mane and tail—Captain Scott, and a captain he proves himself.

He quickly overhauls the steer, the throw is made, the rope secured, and then the big brute bolts sideways like lightning, horse and rider go over in horrible confusion.

Hurrah for the captain! He's up and off! It's he and the steer for it. And now there were screams and roars of laughter and shouts of admiration as the plucky little fellow ran and dodged and tacked and jerked the big animal about until attendants could come up and cut the rope and drive him into the outer regions. Again amid the beating of tom-toms, howling of dervishes and brandishing of sticks and clubs, a steer shoots forth, with glaring red eyes and rigid horizontal tail. One of the "lean kine" he is, and runs accordin'. It is only after some time and much hard running that he is roped; then with a furious plunge he breaks the rope, or the girths or saddle pommel give way, and the steer rolls over about fourteen times one way, and the horse and rider the other. The fellow with the horns is up first. He stands unsteadily, with head swaying from side to side, eyes vacant, tail drooping, literally knocked silly. Nobody's really hurt, but the poor little pony commands my sympathy, he looked so sheepish and shamed. Here comes the next candidate for the rope. This time the roper is a handsome boy of twenty or twenty-one, whose father owns a big ranche of which the boy is manager. Off they go, the fiery little pony fairly flying over the ground. The steer is roped, thrown—not without a struggle—and has only to be tied to complete the job. But the moment he feels the young fellow's weight upon him he rises like a shot. Everybody is breathless—we hardly know whether to laugh or be terrified.

But the pony doesn't debate. He promptly hauls the would-be "ridin' hoss" down, with a backward plunge, and keeps him down a little, as he struggles to rise, until his master has him safely tied—and all with such little snorts, such tossing of his pretty head and kicking out of the little slim heels, such sharp neighs and flirtings of his tail as are for all the world like articulate speech.

This was the very cutest pony of all, and when his master got on him, after tying down his steer, he went off fairly dancing and swelling with pride and high spirits.

The next man missed his throw.

The next roped his steer and attempted to throw him, but the animal was big, his pony light, and with a tremendous plunge ahead it jerked pony and rider forward so that the man fell heavily from the saddle, striking on the top and back of his head. The pony and steer seemed to be all around and over him. He struggled to his feet, only to sink back again. We all groaned with horror. Attendants galloped out as quickly as possible and brought him in, when he was found to have been only stunned by the fall and untouched by the scuffle afterward. We breathed easier, and about this time the pony, to our astonishment, and no doubt to the steer's, succeeded in throwing the latter, and now in our relief from the recent strain, we laughed and applauded to our hearts' content, for the game little fellow—as though to make assurance doubly sure, and leave no room for unpleasant accidents after all his engineering and strategy—never let up dragging his struggling enemy until he was safely tied! All the while shaking his head and "jawing back" in the plainest kind of horse talk, just as the little black had done. After this there were one or two failures, one horse falling in a prairie-dog hole and one man missing the throw it had taken him long to get close enough to make.

And now came an unusually wild, ugly steer, and the funniest kind of a pair to rope after him and catch him. The pony was a little, ratty roan; and the man big, heavy and awkward looking. Everybody laughed when they sailed in close on the heels of the vamosing, buckskin colored steer. But that little beetle-bug of a pony just caught up with the great, long-legged creature, the big, clumsy-looking man threw his rope like a streak of lubricated lightning over his horns, threw him endwise till it came to hear his neck crack, then hopped out of the saddle like a little circus boy and tied him with neatness and dispatch. He, out of all the fine, athletic men on fleet ponies, was the one to take first prize, the saddle, and our handsome boy, who was manager of his father's ranch bore off the sombrero, which ought to look appropriate enough on his black curls and shading his brilliant black eyes. Altogether it was all that fancy painted it. Thrilling, inspiring, making your heart leap with excitement, and stand still with suspense. Such a display of man's mastery of powerful and frantic beasts is a Homeric spectacle, and one which appeals to the original savage which we are told sleeps in every nature. Apropos, an old lady who sat behind me and saw all there was to see, who missed no detail and who "never whimpered" until it was all over, then arose and said in a rasping, severe voice: "Well, such a performance is a disgrace to our boasted civilization—it's no better than a Spanish bull fight," which sentiments, as she had seen and presumably enjoyed all that there was in it, did her, to my thinking, great credit, and set her far above those who had ignorantly enjoyed it, without having, like herself, the proper abhorrence for it.

ALICE MACGOWAN.

Critics.

For Saturday Night.

We need the aid of critics. We do grow
Too much within our work for us to know
Wherein the error is.
The one who points a fault with earnest hand,
His own unerring thought our feet to firmer stand,
A friend indeed is this.

We take his counsel kindly, and we aim
To meet his just approval, he who came
And touched the flaw he found.
We know that we are faulty—far from right—
Our hearts are hot, too misty is our sight,
And errors oft abound.

But snarling curs—they whose loud voices sound,
And wake the very echoes slumbering round—
Who carp in envious hate.
Would we before their howling flinch one pace?
We'd stand before them with unmoved face,
With soul-strong pride innate.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Reason Dethroned.

Anxious mother—I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man thirty years older than herself.

Judge—Why, madam, girls marry old men every day and are not considered insane.

Anxious Mother—Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Books and Magazines.

The Year-book of the Northern Division of the American Canoe Association is a neat little pamphlet published by Mr. Hugh C. McLean of Montreal. It is beautifully illustrated with photographic reproductions of portraits of the officers and views taken in camp. As it contains a list of officers and members, with the details of the arrangement for this year's meet at Lake of Two Mountains, it cannot fail to be of interest to canoeing men.

The *Atlantic* for August is as bright and readable as usual. Some of the leading features are Henry Cabot Lodge's article on International Copyright, a paper on the The Use and Limits of Academic Culture, by Prof. N. S. Shaler, a three-page poem by Whittier, on the town of Haverhill, and Dr. Holmes' cheerful chat, Over the Teacups, which closes this month with a very taking poem entitled The Broomstick Train, or The Return of the Witches.

Scribner's Magazine for August is one of the brightest and most readable of the year. It is light enough for the idlest of summer readers and contains six short stories, enlivened by many beautiful illustrations. An article which will be widely read is on How Stanley Wrote His Book, by the well-known London publisher, Edward Marston. The other features of the number are well sustained.

The chief features of *Lippincott's* for August are a complete novel by Mrs. Alexander, a story by the now famous Rudyard Kiplring, an interesting biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe by Eleanor P. Allen, an interesting paper on Lawn Tennis for Women, and some beautiful poems by Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, Charles H. Crandall and others.

It is now announced that the author of Throth, A Dreamer of Dreams, and Toxar is Mr. J. Shields Nicholson, professor of political economy in the University of Edinburgh. This, according to the *Athenæum*, has long been an open secret.

Sir Walter Scott's Journal is to appear in the autumn, reproduced from the original, which is preserved at Abbotsford. Mr. David Douglas will edit it, and add, besides elaborate explanatory notes, illustrative extracts from unpublished sources, chief among them being the reminiscences in manuscript of James Skene, one of Scott's oldest and most intimate friends. There are also letters from Carlyle and Lockhart. The whole work will form two octavo volumes, and they are said to contain nearly double the amount of matter given by Lockhart, while the sentences and paragraphs will appear as they were written by Scott. Many passages were truncated by Lockhart, many entries were omitted, and for five months not a line was reproduced.

Kind Words for Canada's Summer.

Now comes the SATURDAY NIGHT of Toronto with an illustrated midsummer number, full of attractive holiday reading. Professors Roberts and W. W. Campbell are among the contributors. We note also a poem by Miss Pauline Johnson, whose Indian descent lends peculiar interest to her work, and a capital piece of dialect verse, The Legend of the Lover's Leap.—*New York Independent.*

CANADA'S SUMMER is a charming mid-summer holiday number of the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. The cover is blue and bronze, giving a glimpse of Toronto Bay, and the contents are essentially Canadian and of the choicest, both as to illustrations and regarding matter. The stories, poems sketches were especially written for this number, and the pictorial parts are beautiful wash drawings of Canadian scenes, and half tone photo process engravings.—Toledo *Journal.*

The Holiday Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, CANADA'S SUMMER, has been received. It is full of illustrations of Canadian incidents and scenery, and contains excellent reading matter.—*Hamilton Times.*

This beautiful publication surpasses all other attempts in the same direction, both pictures and reading matter being entirely original and the works of Canadian artists and writers.—*Toronto East End Echo.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has issued a handsome Dominion Day number, a special issue, illustrated with photo-engravings. The number is purely Canadian in its make up. The Sheppard Publishing Company evidently intended the number, a souvenir of the 23rd anniversary of confederation, to show the literary talent of the country and for this reason is particularly interesting and instructive.—*Belleville Daily Ontario.*

A large number of Christmas and Carnival publications, many of them of merit, have been published in Canada, but they represented the Dominion in her winter garb and were apt to confirm the notion of ignorant foreigners that this was a frozen land. CANADA'S SUMMER would dispel that idea. It contains a number of good engravings of summer scenes—camping, fishing and boating scenes, including picturesque bits of scenery, all admirably executed. SATURDAY NIGHT knew where to obtain scenes that would favorably represent Canada's summer, for in several illustrations will be recognized familiar islands and places on Stony Lake, one of Peterboro's popular summer resorts. The number also contains a quantity of pleasant reading.—*Peterboro' Evening Review.*

The Summer Number of SATURDAY NIGHT contains a choice variety of reading matter, including some interesting stories. There are numerous illustrations, some of which are very handsome. On the whole it is a very handsome number.—*Guelph Daily Herald.*

The Carnival Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a model of local printing and should secure a niche in every household. The illustrations are far above the average, in fact some of the finest we have yet seen published in Ontario.—*West Toronto Junction Comet.*

It is a charming work, and is appropriately named, "Canada's Summer." If the Canadian press would devote more space to Canada's Summer and less to her winters they would be doing their country a much greater service than heretofore.—*Forest Free Press.*

We are in receipt of a copy of that beautiful illustrated publication TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S Summer Number. It is a unique affair throughout.—*Alton Free Press.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S Holiday Number has been issued, and it is scarcely necessary to say that it is a charming production. Filled with original and thoroughly Canadian writings, profusely illustrated with Canadian views, and containing choice literary matter, SATURDAY NIGHT'S Holiday Number "takes the cake" over anything else in its line.—*Peterboro' Examiner.*

The illustrations, all from original wash drawings and photo-engravings, are exceedingly fine. The stories, poetry and funny paragraphs are all original and afford a three or four hours of entertaining reading.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

The Summer Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a publication creditable to Canada. The stories are cleverly written, and the number as a whole is one that might be sent to the old countries with good effect, in dispelling the very general impression that Canada has no summer and is inhabited by Indians and bears.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, edited by the clever writer, E E Sheppard, has issued a carnival number, which is very handsomely printed and profusely illustrated. The Carnival Number is a much greater success than the carnival itself seems to have been.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

The design of the cover is most attractive executed with first-class taste. The photo-engravings are gems. The selection of reading is well chosen.—*Newboro' Standard.*

SATURDAY NIGHT has issued an attractive Summer Number. It contains a choice variety of reading matter, and is profusely illustrated. *Dufferin Advertiser.*

It is an excellent number. The letter-press work and engravings are first-class, and the matter is worth a careful perusal.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, which published such a beautiful Christmas number, has just issued an exquisite Summer Holiday number. It contains profuse illustrations, all magnificent specimens of the photo-engraver's art, and dealing mainly with Canadian subjects.—*Moncton (N. B.) Transcript.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has issued a very handsome Holiday Number, of much literary excellence.—*Chatham (N. B.) World.*

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT have issued a beautiful Summer Number, which they have appropriately named CANADA'S SUMMER. It is superbly illustrated and filled with delightful holiday reading.—*Listowel Standard.*

It is a creditable production. The illustrations are good, the letter press is excellent, and there are several short stories by well-known Canadian *litterateurs.* The reprints of the two famous pictures by G. A. Reid—Mortgaging the Homestead and The Story are alone well worth the price.—*Shaugner Sun.*

The Summer Number of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is an artistic creation delightful alike to the eye and the mind. Its stories, poems and sketches are very clever and have an air of summer sunshine, broad verandas, shady hammocks and general rest and peace about them. It is a publication in which every Canadian can take great pride.—*Tilsonburg Observer.*

It is printed on highly-toned paper, is beautifully illustrated, with illuminated covers. It is a fine edition, and reflects much credit upon the enterprising publishers.—*Mitchell Advertiser.*

The Sheppard Publishing Co., publishers of the justly-celebrated TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, have recently issued a handsomely-illustrated souvenir number entitled Canada's Summer. It is of an interesting character throughout, and the style of the production speaks well for the facilities of the establishment.—*Norwich Gazette.*

The Midsummer number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is a beautiful production. The Canadian views with which it is filled, render it worthy of special attention.—*Barrie Examiner.*

A charming and artistically gotten-up publication. The subject-matter is good and very entertaining, and the letter press and illustrations are excellent.—*Cayuga Recorder.*

The Summer Holiday number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT comes to hand, superbly illustrated and and filled with articles to suit the season, from the pens of well-known writers.—*Oakville Star.*

It is a thing of beauty to gaze upon in the matter of engravings, and in addition to that qualification contains a collection of original reading matter calculated to edify and amuse.—*Mount Forest Representative.*

SATURDAY NIGHT'S Summer Number reflects splendid credit upon the artistic enterprise of the publishers, and reveals Canada's summer life in all its delightful phases.—*Cobourg World.*

The issue is a credit to the enterprise of the publishers and to the Canadian press.—*Carleton Place Herald.*

The Carnival Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is exceedingly interesting, and contains a large amount of good reading both of prose and poetry. The reproductions of the paintings Mortgaging the Farm and The Story, by G. A. Reid, are excellently done. The Rope Ferry calls to mind most vividly that antiquated mode of crossing the water, an example of which can be seen any day at Howe's Island, near Kingston, a great fishing resort. The frontispiece has a good view of Toronto as seen from the bay.—*Oshawa Vindicator.*

The illustrations are really beautiful and include copies of some popular paintings, such as "Mortgaging the Homestead," "The Story," &c. They also give many Canadian scenes of river, lake and forest, while the stories and literary contents are from good authors.—*Berlin Daily News.*

The Holiday Number of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is finely illustrated and contains numerous sketches of Canadian summer resorts, interspersed with short stories adapted to the holiday season. It is one of the best holiday publications yet issued from Toronto.—*Amherstburg Echo.*

It is full of interesting reading matter and is copiously illustrated with some very fine engravings, which are alone worth the price of the number. The typographical workmanship is very good, the type being large and the engravings well brought out.—*Pembroke Standard.*

The Summer Holiday Number of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is a remarkably fine paper, with an illuminated cover, a wealth of seasonable reading matter and a profusion of excellent illustrations. Altogether it is a superior publication, and a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Summerside (P. E. I.) Journal.*

A Question of Nationality.

Daughter—Didn't you say once I was born in England, mother?
Mother—Yes, and what of it?
Daughter—Then I am English, ain't I?
Mother—English? If yer were born in a stable, would yer be a horse?—*Scribner's Magazine.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD CAMERON AND WALLACE BECOME FIRM FRIENDS.

"Help me!" Vane Cameron commanded of Mr. Mencke, as he stooped to assist the fallen man, his noble face full of pity and compassion for him.

They lifted Wallace and laid him upon a lounge, where Vane, after loosening his cravat, tie and collar, strove to revive him by sprinkling his face plentifully with cold water and chafing his hands vigorously.

But Wallace showed no signs of recovering; he lay motionless, breathless—like a man dead, and at last, becoming alarmed, Lord Cameron sent a servant for the nearest physician.

Upon his arrival, and after an examination of Wallace's condition, he pronounced it to be an attack of coma produced by hemorrhage in the brain, caused by excessive excitement and long continued anxiety of mind.

"It is a serious attack," he said, gravely, "but the poor fellow is young and has a splendid physique; if he can hold out long enough—until the clot is absorbed—he may recover. Is he a relative of mine?"

"No. I never saw him until this evening," Vane answered, "but I want everything possible done to save his life, and I will be responsible."

The energetic little French doctor needed no better incentive than this, for the wealth and generosity of the young English earl had been common talk in the town ever since his arrival and he threw himself into the work of effecting Wallace's recovery with all his heart. Every luxury that Vane could think of or the doctor suggest was supplied for his benefit and comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Mencke took a hasty leave the day following the disclosures related in the foregoing chapter.

Their treachery and unnatural harshness toward Violet had been unmasked, and Lady Cameron and her son did not take any pains to conceal their condemnation of such atrocious conduct; consequently Violet's sister and her husband were anxious to escape from Mentone as quickly as possible.

"You must go home also, mother," Vane said to Lady Isabel, after their departure, "it will not do for you to remain longer in this enervating climate."

"And what of you, my son?" the fond mother, questioned anxiously.

"I shall stay with him until he recovers, or at least until he is able to be moved farther north," the young man quietly responded.

"Vane—"

"Do not oppose me, mother, please," he interrupted, "he is a stranger in a strange country, with not a friend to minister to his need and comfort; and, if I am not mistaken, he has only a scant supply of money."

"But the nurse and physician can look after him, and the bills can all be sent to you, if you wish," urged Lady Cameron.

"The nurse and physician will both do their duty more faithfully if I am here to watch them," Vane answered, inflexibly. "For her sake," he added, in a low tone and with white lips, "I shall do my utmost to bring him back to health, while if, in spite of all, he dies, I shall lay him by her side, and then take up the broken thread of my own life as best I can."

Lady Cameron stole to his side and wound her arms about his neck.

"Vane," she murmured, while tears streamed over her cheeks, "my noble boy! it is like you to do this and like the Master who said, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' But it breaks my heart to hear you speak in that hopelessness, I know—I feel sure that the broken thread of your life, as you express it, will be joined again. I cannot contemplate with resignation that you, with your noble character and grand possibilities for doing good, should carry this unhealed wound to your grave. But I shall not go home to leave you here," she added, resolutely. "If you stay to care for this poor, suffering stranger, I shall stay to look after you."

"Mother, I cannot permit it," Vane began, but she interrupted him.

"I am inexorable," she said, firmly. "You know that the warm weather is not depressing to me, as to most people, and anxiety would prey upon me more than the climate, so it will be useless to urge me further."

Thus it was settled, and those two royal-hearted people remained for another month in that deserted hotel, and devoted themselves to the care of Wallace Richardson during his critical illness.

He was very, very ill, but as the physician had said, possessed a splendid constitution, and, after a fierce battle with disease, he began slowly to recover—at least his physical health.

But his mind seemed sadly clouded, a condition caused by the pressure of a clot of blood upon his brain, the doctor said, and time alone would show whether he would ever entirely regain the use of his mental faculties; absorption was the only process by which it could be achieved and this might be slow or rapid, as his general health improved.

At the end of four weeks it was thought that he might safely be moved; Lord Cameron, under the care of one of the most skilful physicians of London, who happened to be summering on the island.

He did not appear to regard the case so seriously as the French doctor had done.

"He will be all right again in a couple of months," Dr. Harkness said, "Give him plenty of nourishing diet, plenty of moderate out-door exercise, and keep his mind free from all exciting subjects."

Time proved the truth of this prophecy; there was a steady improvement in Wallace from the moment of his arrival upon the island, and twelve weeks from the attack he was pronounced a well man again.

During his convalescence, as he came, little by little, to realize his position, together with the kindness and care which had been thrown around him during his illness, he tried to manifest his appreciation of it.

The first time that he referred to the subject was one delightful afternoon, when the two young men were sitting together upon the broad piazza of Lord Cameron's elegant villa, which overlooked the sea.

Vane had been reading to his companion an amusing story, which both had seemed to enjoy thoroughly. When he finished it and closed his book Wallace looked up and remarked gratefully:

"What a good friend you have been to me, Cameron! I hope you do not think me unappreciative, but I have only just began to have sense enough to find it out."

"I trust we are good friends," Vane answered, cordially, but evading a direct reply to his gratitude, "and that we shall continue to be such throughout our lives."

He had grown to admire the young architect exceedingly during the long weeks that he had so patiently borne his weakness and enforced idleness; while, as his mind gradually became stronger and clearer, he saw that he was no ordinary person, that he possessed great natural ability—a strong character and unswerving principles of rectitude.

"Thank you," Wallace answered, gratefully; "I hope so, too. But how am I to repay you for your unexampled kindness? It is a problem beyond my ability to solve."

"By pledging the friendship I desire, and asking no more about the obligation—if any there is," Vane replied, with a genial smile, and holding out his hand to his companion.

Wallace instantly laid his within it, and the two men thus sealed the compact with a silent but heartfelt clasp.

Later, Wallace spoke of Violet for the first time since his illness, and begged for more information regarding her sojourn at Mentone and the circumstances of her flight, and Vane told him everything that he wished to know, though he touched as lightly as possible upon the revolting story of the discovery of the body upon the beach and its burial; but he would not even hint his suspicion of suicide.

The subject was a depressing one to both, and to change it Vane said, after a long pause:

"I you feel like it, would you mind coming with me into the library to look over some plans that came from London to-day? I am about to erect a school building for the children of my tenants, and a home for aged people and orphans. Perhaps being an architect, you can make some suggestions that will be useful to me."

This was merely a ruse to divert Wallace's mind from the sad and exciting train of thought into which he had fallen—but the young man arose with alacrity at the mention of plans. He dearly loved his profession, and was already beginning to be anxious to get into active service again.

He followed his friend to the library where they found the plans spread out upon a table, and both soon became deeply interested in discussing them.

Wallace was quick to discover that they were defective, and far from being practical, in many respects. They were beautiful, as he looked well on paper, but he knew that when completed the buildings would be very disappointing in various ways.

He modestly pointed out the defects, but in a way that betrayed he knew his business thoroughly, and Lord Cameron, who would never have detected them until the buildings were completed, became disgusted with the plans, and said at once that he should discard them entirely.

"Nay, do not be too hasty in your condemnation. I am afraid I have been too critical," Wallace said, regretfully. "With some changes, you might still use them; but, if you will allow me, I will make you some drawings, giving you my ideas regarding these buildings; then, perhaps you can combine the two sets, and get something more to your mind."

"Do," said Lord Cameron, eagerly; "and if they prove to be what I want, I will have the price MacCumber is going to charge me for these—it is no mean one, either."

"The price!" exclaimed Wallace, flushing. "No, indeed! Do not mention such a thing after all your bounty to me during these many weeks."

"Ah, but that was on the score of friendship, you know," lightly returned Vane. "That is all settled for. Remember your pledge. This will be business."

Wallace made no reply, but the settling of the firm lines about his mouth plainly indicated that he meant to have his own way in this matter.

He went immediately to work, all his old enthusiasm awakening the moment he took a pencil in his fingers.

He was not yet strong enough mentally to apply himself very closely, neither would Lord Cameron allow him to be imprudent; but by working a few hours every day he made good progress, and at the end of a couple of weeks laid before Lord Cameron two sets of plans which, for convenience, beauty of design, and elegance of workmanship, far exceeded anything that he had ever seen.

"You are a genius, Richardson!" he exclaimed after he had thoroughly examined them, and Wallace had explained everything. "You have utilized every square foot of space, and added, too, without infringing in any way upon the beauty and proportions. I shall use these plans, and MacCumber would do well to come and take lessons of you."

Wallace was of course very much pleased with this high praise, while he was no less gratified when, the following week, Lord Cameron proposed that they should take a trip to his estate, so that he might judge if the proposed site for the new buildings were just what it should be, or whether it could be improved upon by choosing some other.

The next seven days were spent in Essex County, at the country seat of the young Earl of Sutherland, and when they returned they retained as an honored guest, while every day the bond of friendship between the two men became more firmly cemented.

The site proved all that could be desired, and Wallace assured his friend that the buildings would make a very fine appearance upon it when completed.

After that Vane said that he must see some of the "lions of London," and he took him up his townhouse, where they spent two weeks very enjoyably, visiting many points of interest in and about the great metropolis.

It was now about the first of October, and Wallace, claiming that he was now as well as ever, said that he must return to his business in New York.

Dr. Harkness was consulted, and expressed the opinion that he was able to go; also that the sea voyage would be very beneficial to him. Upon acceptance, the day of his departure was set for the fifth.

"I am very loth to let you go," Vane said, regretfully, as, on the evening before his departure, they sat together in his "bachelor nest," as his smoking-room was called.

"I shall regret the separation as much as you possibly can," Wallace replied, gravely, "but I must go back to my work. I have but one object in life now—my profession. I shall devote all my energies to it, and try to forget my great loss in striving for success."

"There can be no doubt that you will do that, with your talent," Lord Cameron replied; then drawing a sealed envelope from his pocket, he quietly passed it to him. "Do not open it until you reach New York," he said, with some embarrassment.

Wallace regarded him curiously a moment.

"Forgive me if I do," he then said, cutting the end and drawing forth the paper within it, for he was confident that he knew the nature of its contents.

He found a check on the Bank of England for a hundred pounds.

"Cameron! I cannot take it," he said, flushing hotly.

"I beg you will," said Vane, earnestly.

"I could never respect myself again if I did," Wallace returned, with emotion. "You are more than welcome to the plans, if this check was intended as a remuneration for them, while I shall never cease to feel that I owe you a debt which I can never repay, for all your kindness to my loved one, not to mention the vetoed subject of my own obligations to you."

"But—have you funds sufficient for your needs?" Vane asked, flushing.

"Yes, for all present needs," his companion answered. "I was paid five thousand dollars for the injuries which I received in that accident I told you of, and I took a letter of credit for a thousand when I came abroad, so I have abundant means for my expenses to America."

(To be Continued.)

Wholesome Hot Weather Drinks.

Iced tea is the best hot weather beverage that can be prepared. The cost is next to nothing, and aside from being harmless it is nourishing, tonic and refreshing. While expert tea tasters claim that the delicate flavor of the China rose is lost in the delay of serving, it is possible to prepare a delicious "tea-cup" from a pot that has been brewed six hours or more, and a connoisseur will be puzzled to detect the age.

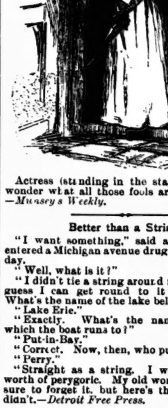
Plenty of ice is needed, and it should be cracked rather than crushed. If hot, freshly made Souchong is served, have lump ice to save the time of replenishing the supply. Cut the lemon in quarters and after squeezing the juice and scraping out the pulp, if preferred, lay aside the rind, as the oil gives the beverage a bitter taste. The best authority on "tea cups" insists on having the sugar and lemon in the glass, as they have cream for coffee, and pouring the tea over it, thus producing a better chemical change and a smoother tasting drink than can be obtained by reversing the order and putting the acid in the tea. Plenty of sugar is needed, plenty of ice, and a generous supply of juicy lemons and tea or coffee. Since the ice weakens the drink it is necessary to make the tea stronger than usual, and in lieu of the displacement of ice only half fill the tumbler with the liquid. Mixed tea, or green and black, with a small quantity of the fragrant orange plant, makes the ideal tea cup. With the present scarcity of ice it will be a matter of some little saving to brew the tea an hour or so before it is needed and send to the table cool or cold. It is an aggravation, especially in a large family to be obliged to wait for a drink or a second supply.

To avert family jars and table confusion the mother who is fortunate enough to have a large circle in her dining-room is advised to dot the board with small bowls of lump ice and patties of lemon. There is no objection to having the quartered fruit and cracked ice in the same dish and in the presence of thirsty humanity it is an advantage. If there are not big sisters and teapots in abundance use chocolate jugs, carafes or china pitchers, fill them with tea and put them within easy reach of the thirsty bread winners. To be sure, the tea that mother pours has a better taste somehow, but when a body wants a drink he wants it, and until he gets it the less talking there is the better. And just here it may be pertinent to float a temperance splinter. If there are plenty of cool, pleasant drinks about the house at and between meals and especially before bedtime, a good many young men and old topers can be kept from going to the rum shop. With ice at $20 a ton and lemons at thirty cents a dozen, iced tea, lemonade, pineapple juice and ginger ale are vastly cheaper, morally and materially, than rum or cocktails.

Ice cream is a very delectable dish for young people, but it must be "fixed" if you expect to feed it to men, with a tobacco taste in their mouths. If you make it yourself use the sugar supply and serve it with sliced fruit. Water-ices are more to the masculine palate. Raspberries are rummy; blackberry ice has a sort of cherry-rum flavor that is grateful to the lordly taste, and lemon and orange ices are always palatable, provided the sugar supply is limited.

Men must drink weather like this, and if these is nobody to tempt them with iced tea, cold buttermilk, frappe, lime juice or frozen bouillon they will gulp down the product of the bar. Ergo, fair women, learn to mix home drinks.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Unacceptable.



Actress (standing in the stage doorway)—I wonder what all those fools are laughing at! —*Munsey's Weekly.*

Better than a String.

"I want something," said a farmer as he entered a Michigan avenue drug store the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"I didn't tie a string around my finger, but I guess I can get round to it all the same. What's the name of the lake below us?"

"Lake Erie."

"Exactly. What's the name of the bay which the boat runs to?"

"Put-in-Bay."

"Correct. Now, then, who put in there?"

"Perry."

"Straight as a string. I want ten cents' worth of pyrogoric. My old woman said I'd be sure to forget it, but here's the proof that I didn't.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Way.

Mrs. Green—You and your husband seem to get along very well together.

Mrs. Smart—Yes, he is perfectly devoted to me.

"How do you manage to make him so affectionate?"

"I'll tell you how I manage. I cut the buttons off his clothes, and then he sees for himself how indispensable to his comfort I am."

Saving With Bait.

"George," she said, "before we were married, you were always giving me presents. Why don't you ever bring me anything now?"

"My dear," replied George, "did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish he had caught?" Then the kettle boiled over.

For the Outdoor Season Only.

"Mabel," faltered the youth in the gorgeous blazer, "I am deeply disappointed. The partiality you have shown for my society during the many little excursions we have taken together and the delightful little evening—or—lunches we have had since the summer season began led me to expect a different answer."

"Because I have looked upon you as an agreeable escort to picnics and lawn tennis parties and for summer evening promenades you have regarded yourself as my accepted lover, have you, George?"

"And it is because I have been available for these things," he said indignantly, "that you have accepted my attentions, is it? You regard me merely as a summer lover, I presume?"

"That is about the case, George," replied the maiden, as she dug a hole in the sandy beach with the end of her parasol. "I have looked upon you as a lover in a picnician sense only."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

IOLANTHE.—See Quariet.

FARMER.—See Hard Luck.

ORMOZELLA.—Vain, shrewd, indecisive and ostentatious.

SULLIVAN.—Rather indecisive, jealous, careless and merry.

IRISH.—Egotistic, energetic, ambitious and persevering.

HARD LUCK, Belleville.—Serious, self-reliant, egotistic and loyal.

PAULINE D.—Generous, self-reliant, moody, superstitious and willful.

CLARIS.—Decisive, cautious, a little vain, ambitious and ostentatious.

DOSHR.—Decisive, variable temperament, self-willed and faint-hearted

ROSE TUCKER.—There could be no exception taken to such a marriage.

MIGNONNE.—Self-esteeming, affable, vivacious, easily wounded and candid.

PEARL.—Just rather than generous, with much firmness, ambition and sincerity.

LEO.—Impatient in little things, a little suspicious, self-reliant and persevering.

LEMON PIE.—You are gay, ambitious, a little vain, rather selfish, decisive and self-willed.

LUTTOSL.—Ambitious, affectionate, curious, persevering and warm-tempered. It is formed.

MIGNON, Winnipeg.—Reserve, caution, tenderness, simplicity of taste and extreme candor.

LAURIER, Wingham.—You are determined, rather impractical, self-reliant and a little vain.

T. M. WILLIAMS.—Writing shows gentleness, ambition, shrewdness and habits of deep reflection.

DISPATCH.—Energy, perseverance, selfishness and ambition. 2. It would be impossible to say.

BRUTUS, Kingston.—Your writing shows firmness, jealousy, tact, executive ability, variable temperament and energy.

ANNETTE.—Self-esteeming, practical and self-reliant. Your writing shows, moreover, a disposition to be very inquisitive.

THISTLE.—You are probably very tender-hearted, sometimes too generous, rather jealous in temperament and careless.

LITTLE ONE.—The riddle is a new one to me. Is it the meter is, do you think? It is a little too long for re-print. Vivacity, egotism, firmness, hope and cheerfulness.

SUBSCRIBER, Detroit.—Separation does not constitute a legal divorce. We have been very frequently asked for decided reasons and at great cost are divorces ever granted.

KITTY.—Careless, good-natured, impulsive and self-willed. This last characteristic is temporary. Study it, and if I were you, Kitty, I would endeavor to cure it. It means trouble if you let it go on untrammeled.

LORNA.—Ignorance must be a little a parade of prudishness, I do admire a womanly woman, and right here let me say that, to do what you mentioned would not be womanly, and does not become a lady. Your writing shows your self-reliance, tact, a warm-hearted way of saying and doing things, and sincerity.

LA DEGUISETTE.—Friends in the plural are far preferable to lovers. You must have an enjoyable time, and if I were you I would not be "afraid of being a prude" and ask no questions. Time always rights these matters. You are, in all likelihood, generous, just, impulsive, a little careless, quick-tempered and warm-hearted.

RUBIE.—It would be dreadful to so narrow your good opinion that you should be forced to take up your abode in the "Cold Storage" because you "don't agree." I really couldn't. You are doubtless suspicious (don't go yet), firm, loyal, rather in a hurry and naughty, too; rather too selfish, but cordial, candid, quick-tempered and willful.

TRAMP.—Your energetic avoiding of determination to succumb to the "blues" shows a certain amount of pluck in your good fortune. You will find more true pleasure in being always what you term a "square man." The money may come slower, but with your energy you will be able to be successful and honest too—if you can't be both, be honest, anyhow.

QUERIST, Hamilton, asks if I can tell her "what famous American relates in his autobiography that he was the youngest of twenty-one children for five generations." If any of my readers can tell me I will be glad. Your writing shows disorder, originality, ambition and disposition to be unhappy through viewing the blackside of things in general.

FLAVIA.—The patches were a part of a fashionable belle's armor then, and the ladies of fashion insist on it again in the "beauty-spot" veils. The powdered hair, too, was so apparent that Rouge and Powder is very appropriate. Did you not see the patches? Yours are two. Your writing exhibits good judgment, tact, quickness of action and a very unselfish disposition.

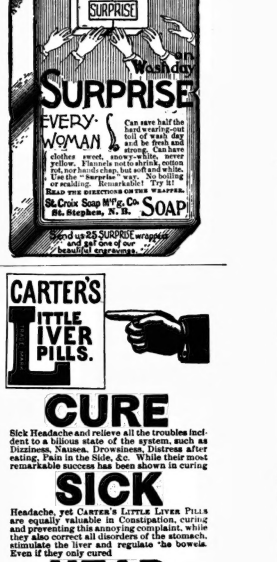
JUNO.—Perhaps it was not sent before, but another has been mailed to the address you gave last. I usually put the time or city after the address because so many of my correspondents happen to choose the same pseudonym. Try and make the sensitiveness a little less strong. 2. No, I do not think it was right to do so unless you an old acquaintance would allow him to dispense with the formality for the sake of convenience, otherwise it would be very not to go. Write again whenever you wish. I shall be glad to hear from you.

LINNET LEAF.—Tell me more about your hair. Is it dry and harsh or oily, and are the ends split. Do you use hot iron curlers, and how do you usually dress it. If my correspondents would give me full descriptions I could do much more. Blushing is quite natural and if not excessive rather becoming. Did you never hear of the "blushing bonnet," which has two tiny springs fastened in the lining? Wearing this the blushless damsel has only to bend her head and the springs do the blushing, and she stands over her face in a most bewitching way. For character delineation see Clover B.

GABRIEL'S EVANGELINE.—Address letters for this department simply "CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN," SATURDAY NIGHT. In perusing your letter I must have a sure proof of my sympathy, and then tell you candidly that your fears are in my opinion groundless. It is much better to have a sound friendship, the respect and admiration of a husband, I think from what you say that it will be. I right, and, mark my words, you will find before long that he will be very necessary to your happiness. I am glad I wrote to you, for I am afraid you would have deceived yourself and lost it without perhaps. I do not think you are likely to avoid experience the after trouble which you mention, for I think if you are very much in love with this one.

CLOVER B.—It is no use on earth to tell when a cold bath should be taken, for one wise doctor says one time and the next another. There is certainly one time that you should not, viz.: directly after a hot bath. Let every one take it when it suits your constitution best. The morning is of course the outdoor time for the cold bath, and a warm one at night will soothe fidgety nerves and wash down bilious ones that have been in stating rebellion. Do I know Ouida's new novel? I think so. No, I most certainly do not. I can't say, though, that I admire your fanning towards the work of the Duchess. Of course they are amusing, particularly Airy, Fairy Lilian and Beauty Daughters, but so very frothy. You are wise to like Dickens and Scott. Did you not find all of your pages of Sir Walter's Read Memories and Portraits by Robert Louis Stevenson. Your letter shows sympathy, languor, candor and generosity. Write again if you wish.

SWEET BITTERS has written me a warm little letter, which needs explanation. She wrote me some time ago and wanted to insinuate into a conversation a little good-wife-of-the-mark assertion. She claimed that country people were the best of citizens, and quoted the King of Siddiddy, etc. I limited the application, and called down on my well meaning head the alarming statement that I am probably from the country myself. She also quarrels with the assertion that "men like to have deference paid them on occasions, their greater strength and generally claimed superiority," and warmly ventures the remark that they "can claim it, but they won't get it." Further, she avers that she knows I am a man, and concludes by enclosing a photograph for me to read, which is all very amusing. The photograph is that of a young gentleman, rather apt to blunder in small matters. He look incelative, looking to be slow in thinking and acting, a little suspicious and shrewd.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills worth ten times the price that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but the gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Sole Agents, Toronto.

THE Wonder of the Age ECLIPSE DYES A NEW Improved Dye for Home Dyeing Nothing but Water — required in using — 10c a package. For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to the manufacturers.

J. S. ROBERTSON & CO., MONTREAL.

HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS ALL HEADACHE. They are not adulterated with any other thing, but simply headache. Try them, 4 will cost but 25 cents for a box and they are harmless. They are not a Cathartic.

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER V.

"ON THE BRINK."

The presence of Standish in London made a considerable difference in the lives of both Henrietta and Dorothy.

He devoted himself to them, especially the latter. He spent nearly every evening with them, and whenever he could spare an afternoon from his work, insisted on taking her to walk or drive.

Dorothy was amazed to find how great a change this constant intercourse with a mind stronger and broader, but not less warmly sympathetic than her own, created in her views and feelings. Life seemed broader to her once more, and she began to see that she might even enjoy it, while with joy or grief, action or repose, she loving thought of her dear, dead sister might be intertwined. Her whole existence might be "sacred to the memory" of the beloved one, and yet its duties might be cheerfully fulfilled, its troubles bravely borne, its rewards gratefully accepted. Besides, she must live to be a mother to Mabel's dear children.

The one source of bitter, implacable distress was Egerton. The idea that he should go unpunished, threw her, when she thought of it, into a paroxysm of fury and despair.

Not even to Standish must she confide a syllable that would lower her sister in his estimation.

This suppression on one subject gave a somewhat puzzling variation to her moods and manner, which both exercised and interested Standish. There were some depths in this young creature, whom he had seen grow up, which defied his penetration. There was mixed with her delightful frankness, a dignity reserve like the cool sprinkling of a silver fountain over the half-open blossoms of a fair garden. The contrast between her frankness and Henrietta's outspoken expansiveness, two extremes of the same quality, would have amused Standish had not the atmosphere of sorrow which enwrapped his sweet ward forbidden such a tendency.

Miss Oakeley never hesitated to say everything. Utterly indulged from her cradle up, she would have been unendurable had not beneficent Nature endowed her with a sound, kind heart. The sentence on good Queen Bess might have been reversed in its application to Henrietta, for the instincts of her heart went far to correct the follies of her head.

The cool bleak days of March were now upon them, and Dillon had made no sign for several weeks.

His communications had been few and far between, and Standish felt a good deal in the dark as to his proceedings.

Dillon had avowed that he intended to work in another search with the hunt for Mrs. Callander's murderers. What it was, he of course kept to himself. Standish was inclined to think that he was spinning out the job, with a view to filling his pocket; he mentioned this to Miss Oakeley, who was always eagerly on the look-out for some surprising discovery. Indeed, Standish avoided the past and its tragic memories as much as possible when with Dorothy. He was careful to keep her thoughts in smoother channels as much as possible.

About this time, however, a communication from the English consul at Palermo reached Standish.

The Spanish ship Velez, answering to the description in the bill or manifesto offering the reward before mentioned, had put into that port, and the consul had interviewed the captain, who seemed a respectable man, and bore a good character with the firm which occasionally employed him to ply between Palermo and Cadiz. He very willingly gave what information he could respecting the two men who had been among his crew when they lay at Eastport—one, the cook, Guiseppe, had left him to go on board an American steamer at Bordeaux, and he knew no more of him. The other must have been, he thought from the description, a man from the south, called Pedro, he did not know his other name. He was a fisherman, came fellow, and had left at the end of the voyage to go into the country and see his people.

The captain was not inclined to think Guiseppe the sort of man to commit a murder. He was quiet, steady, given to making money, and to keep clear of scrapes. His informant, the consul added, did not know the name of the steamer to which the cook had transferred his services.

This information, scanty as it was, Standish thought right to tell Dorothy. She received it with an apathy that amazed him.

"I must say," he observed, "that I should like to bring the scoundrel, whoever he was, to justice. It is infamous that the perpetrator of such an outrage should escape."

"Yet he will," said Dorothy, looking fixedly at the fire.

"Why are you so sure about it, Dorothy?" asked Miss Oakeley.

"I cannot tell, but I feel he will."

"These instinctive convictions are not to be trusted. This certainty of yours, Dorothy, really arises from your impulsive desire of justice, or rather revenge—which is wild justice," said Standish.

"Can you wonder?" she returned. "Yet when I think that no discovery, or justice, or revenge can bring her back, it sometimes seems not to matter——"

"It is of the last consequence that he should be brought to justice, and he shall be! I am in correspondence with our Consul at Valencia, from whom, in province I daresay you may remember, Egerton said this fellow came. I have written to Egerton to stir up some relatives he holds intercourse with that they might give us some important assistance, but he is slow in answering." Standish spoke with sharpness and decision.

Dorothy looked up at him with a curious expression, a sort of compassionating despondency, as though she knew his efforts would be all in vain.

This conversation took place as they sat round the fire one stormy night in Miss Oakeley's plea-ant drawing room, to which ornaments, books, pictures, and plenty of ferns, broad-leaved eastern plants, and hot-house flowers, had given a home-like aspect, very unlike the ordinary "furnished house" look.

Standish had come in after dining at his club, as he often did, to tell them the latest talk, political and literary, the whispers of chances at home and abroad—anything to draw Dorothy from her sad thoughts—to interest her in the world wi hout her.

Henrietta went out occasionally to intimate friends, and in a very quiet way, not thereby interfering any way with Dorothy, and Standish had found his ward alone, when his talk took a graver, deeper tone than when Miss Oakeley shared it. Dorothy could then speak unreservedly of her increasing anxiety about Callander. It seemed to her unnatural, his prolonged absence, his indifference to his children; but Standish always said he thought that so terrible a shock as he had sustained, when weakened as he had been by previous bad health, was sufficient to account for any eccentricity.

On the present occasion a short silence had followed Paul's last remark, and then Miss Oakeley said as if out of her thoughts.

"Perhaps Mr. Egerton is coming to town."

"He has said nothing about it to me," returned Standish.

"He mentioned something about being in town after Christmas," she replied, "he has written to me two or three times, chiefly to ask for Dorothy, but as she does not seem to care about hearing of him, I have said nothing. When he does come, I shall be very happy to see him."

"No one could have shown better feelings in our great misfortune than Egerton," said Standish thoughtfully. "I sincerely wish he had gone with Callander! Consenting to be his companion was a real act of friendship."

"Why did he not follow him then?" cried Dorothy, as though she could not keep back the words.

"When Callander literally ran away, Egerton could hardly follow him," returned Standish, looking at Dorothy as if surprised at her enmity to her admirer.

"Well, for my part I like Mr. Egerton—I always did. He has shown himself to be full of good feeling and refinement. He sees that he is not acceptable to Dorothy, so he keeps out of the way," said Miss Oakeley. "Now, I think Dorothy is a goose; what she wants I can't imagine. Mr. Egerton is quite fit to be the hero of a novel—and so well off! If he ever comes forward again, I shall be very vexed if you do not accept him. I am sure you would be very angry with her too, Mr. Standish?"

"I," exclaimed Standish, smiling; "I should not dare to interfere. You do not know what a small volcano Dorothy is.

She did not speak. Her pale cheek flushed, then grew whiter than before.

"I am very tired," she said; "my eyes ache. I must say good-night. If I can only go to sleep while I am sleepy it will be delightful."

She rose, and left the room without further farewell.

"What a curious, implacable little thing she is," said Miss Oakeley, looking after her. "I do wonder what her objection to Mr. Egerton can be! Is she in love with anyone else?"

"How can I tell?" exclaimed Standish, impatiently. "You are more likely to know than I am!—at least, she is more likely to confide in you than in me. I suppose it does not inevitably follow that, because a man happens to be good-looking, smooth-tongued, rich, that he must be irresistible to all women?"

"Perhaps not to every woman, but to a large majority. I do not think you like Randal Egerton somehow, yourself, Mr. Standish?"

"I certainly do not dislike or like him. Miss Oakeley, and I have been a good deal struck by the kind feeling he has shown poor Callander. But I have met fellows that are more companionable to me."

"There is no accounting for taste," returned Miss Oakeley, in a philosophic tone; "now, I confess that if Mr. Egerton were to make love to me, I don't think I should be very hard-hearted to him."

"Shall I tell him so?" asked Standish, laughing at her candor. "It is a pity he should lose a chance."

"Oh, nonsense!" said she, good humoredly.

"Mr. Egerton will never lose a chance he cares to seize. I am not his style. Now, he is, or was, really fond of little Dorothy. It would be such an excellent settlement for her. Her poor sister's death has broken up her home. don't fancy Herbert will settle anywhere. He will go back to India. I may marry, but hates Mrs. Callander, who wouldn't have her at any price. You are not old enough to set up housekeeping with her, and if you marry, your wife would be sure to hate Dorothy, so——"

"What a string of impossibilities," interrupted Standish, with a rather forced laugh. "According to you there is no refuge for poor Dorothy but marriage with Egerton?"

"Not a bad alternative!" cried Henrietta.

"As to myself," continued Standish, "as soon as I can get a few weeks' leave, I shall go to Spain myself. I cannot sit down quietly while the blood-thirsty villain that robbed us of Mabel is at liberty. I don't allow myself to speak of him or of the terrible catastrophe before Dorothy, but nothing in my whole life has cut me up as this has! She was an angel, the sweetest soul that ever breathed! I wonder poor Callander can know a moment's rest till he has had the murderer hung. His extraordinary conduct proves he is not in a normal condition. After him, I am his wife's nearest friend, and I feel that the duty of tracking the murderous devil devolves upon me."

The first lengthening days of spring have a saddening effect on those who have suffered. To Dorothy, and, indeed, to her affectionate friend, Henrietta, it was a melancholy period. The little ones had ceased to ask for "papa" or "mamma," and her guardian's visits were the only bits of sunshine in Dorothy's life. She watched with almost motherly interest the growth of the baby-boy, the unfolding of the little girl's intelligence. But the supreme solace was the warm, thoughtful sympathy of Standish. Their conversations were always a source of tranquil pleasure, but when he did not come for two or three days, her sense of desolation was almost insupportable.

Meanwhile, Standish found his position improved, his prospects brightening, and his successful conduct of the business confided to him in Berlin and Vienna, also the amount of work he had to attend to was greatly increased, so the time he could give to his ward's dispanal was less than formerly.

Hastening one dim afternoon, up Pall Mall, and looking out for an empty hansom, he came face to face with Egerton.

He knew the figure and bearing, but was almost uncertain as to the identity of the face, so changed was it in many ways.

The large eyes were sunken, and had a pained, haunted expression. The cheeks looked hollow, the clear olive tint had become a dusky pallor, a large mustache hid his mouth and altered him still more.

"Why, Egerton!"

"Standish! I was on my way to leave my card at your lodgings to let you know I was in town."

"I am very glad to see you. When did you come up?"

"Yesterday. I am putting up at Long's. I have given up my rooms in the Albany. I am thinking of trying a little elephant-shooting in Africa if Callander does not want me. I had a letter from him a week or two ago. Which way are you going? I will come with you."

"Dorothy had a few lines from him, too, last week," said Standish, as they walked on. "He had been to see his mother at Nice, and spoke of returning to England."

"So he does to me. He is, for the first time, anxious to know what chances we extended our efforts. I trust he will return quite himself."

There was an indescribable melancholy in Egerton's voice that struck Standish, and he felt some surprise as well as increased interest in his companion.

"How is Miss Wynn?" continued Egerton. "I have heard of her now and then from Miss Oakeley, and I should greatly like to see her before I leave England, if she will see me."

This was said in a constrained voice, with pauses and breaks, as though he forced himself to utter the words mechanically.

"Just now I am sure that Dorothy will not see you or anyone. The boy is rather seriously ill with bronchitis, rather a bad business for so small a chap. His aunt never leaves him. It would be an awful shock to Callander to arrive and find no son. It is all very hard on such a mere girl as Dorothy. But she has more of a backbone than her sweet, pretty sister had—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Egerton, hastily. "Tell me how is it that flighty Miss Oakeley has stuck so steadily to her role of comforter?"

"Her heart is better than her head," returned Standish. "Henrietta Oakeley has proved herself a capital woman; I have grown quite fond of her. She would make an admirable wife to any man who knew how to manage her."

"Oh, indeed," with a languid smile. "Tell me more about the report of that consul of which you wrote to me. I don't understand why they have not made more diligent search for that fellow you all suspect—Pedro."

"We suspect! Don't you? Come and dine with me at the club to-night and we will discuss it all; you can go on to Miss Oakeley's. I have not heard how the boy is to day."

"Let me come with you; I must see them again." It seemed to Standish from the tone of his voice that the necessity was not a agreeable one.

"Come by all means," he returned. They were soon bowling along towards Kensington.

Miss Oakeley was not at home when they reached the house. But Collins, who remained as the factotum, protector, and semi-idiot of the joint household, said that she would soon be in.

The gentlemen were then shown up to the drawing room, where a tea-table was set ready for the absent mistress.

"I will go and see Dorothy, if you don't mind, Egerton," said Standish, after musing awhile what restlessly to and fro, looking at the papers and periodicals that lay about. "She generally mounts guard about this time, then the nurse goes to remember, Mrs. M'Hugh." Egerton nodding his head with a slightly impatient movement—"goes to tea."

"Don't mind me," returned the other.

Standish had hardly left the room, when Miss Oakeley entered it; she was richly dressed, with abundance of black fur on her cloak and round her throat, and looked very handsome.

"Oh! dear me, Mr. Egerton, I am so glad to see you. I could hardly believe my ears when Collins said you were here. But do you know you are looking frightfully ill? You don't mind my saying so, do you? You ought to go away to some warm, cheerful place. Really the gloominess of winter in England is quite suicidal, don't you think so?"

"I cannot return the compliment, Miss Oakeley! You are looking remarkably well! It is an age since we met. I am sorry I cannot see Dorothy, and, and for the cause—the little boy. Standish tells me, is seriously ill."

"He is, indeed, but he is a shade better, today. Dorothy has been so unhappy about him. It would have been terrible if Herbert had returned to find no baby-boy, and Aunt Callander would have been sure to say he died from neglect. I am very fond of Aunt Callander, she has many good points, but she does fancy such queer things! I am dying to see Herbert again! Of course, it has been a sad blow, but men don't grieve for ever. He is really a young man, and ought to throw himself into his career. And he is such a good fellow! You know my deep interest in him is of old date; won't you take a cup of tea?"

"No—no thank you," said Egerton, who had started up and gone to the fire-place while she spoke, now sat down and kept very still while Henrietta insisted on giving him some tea, and cross-examined him as to his health, his life at his country seat, and a dozen other topics, while he answered in monosyllables and looked as if he were on the rack.

Meantime Standish mounted the stair to the day nursery, where he had generally spoken to Dorothy during the boy's illness. The little fellow had taken a severe cold which turned to bronchitis.

"Oh, Paul, he is better!" exclaimed Dorothy, from the inner room, as soon as she heard his knock at the door.

"That's right; I thought the little fellow would pull through; he is a regular Trojan."

"He was in great danger yesterday, but the night was better, and now he breathes much much more freely."

"And now, I hope you will take some care of yourself, Dorothy! You look as if you had not slept for a week."

"Not so long as that, but I should like a nice quiet sleep without dreams," and she sighed.

"Are you still so frightened at night?" asked Standish, looking down into her eyes with a glance so wistfully compassionate that Dorothy felt the delightful sense of his affectionate sympathy send a thrill of pleasure shivering through her.

"No, I am less frightened, but I dream continuously."

"I have left a visitor with Miss Oakeley," resumed Standish, placing a chair for Dorothy, while he stood by the high fender. "A visitor who wishes to see you."

Dorothy looked up with a startled expression. "Who is it?"

"Egerton! I met him just now by accident, and he came on here with me."

Dorothy rose, and came beside Standish before she replied, then she said in a low rapid tone, "I cannot see him, Paul, you will not ask me, it is quite—quite impossible."

"I shall not ask you to do anything you don't like, Dorothy, but later on you really must get over this prejudice. You must see Egerton some day."

"I will try," she said, with a kind of slight shiver, "but you must give me time."

"You will tell me your reasons, for it is quite unintelligible this reluctance of yours to meet him."

"You see," she continued, looking down and drawing her handkerchief nervously through her fingers, "he would remind me so of everything, and I never did like him, not, at least, after just the first—"

"He was very fascinating at first, certainly," said Standish, with a slight smile. "I remember your comparing him to various heroes—let me see—Don John of Austria, Sir Philip Sidney, and——"

"Oh, do not talk of that time, Paul, it was too—too happy."

"Forgive me, dear Dorothy," taking her hand. "I will not tease you to do anything you do not like; promise to come for a long walk with me to-morrow, if the boy continues to hold his ground. You must not play tricks with your health, you are not exactly a giant, my dear ward."

Dorothy made no reply, she stood very still, her hand in that of Standish, while he looked with grave, thoughtful consideration at the slight girlish figure, the half-averted pathetic face, the sweet quivering mouth. It was sad to see the traces of sorrow on so young a creature, especially as there was some element in her sorrow which he could not quite make out. Standish sighed a short, deep sigh, at which Dorothy started from her thoughts and withdrew her hand.

"I suppose I must go," said Standish. "If it is fine to-morrow, you will be ready for me at two? We will have a ramble round the gardens."

"Very well, thank you. You are very good to me, Paul. Can I ever show you how grateful I am?"

"Don't talk of gratitude. There can be no question of such a thing between us."

"Good-bye, for the present, Paul—till to-morrow."

Dinner passed heavily enough. Whatever subject Standish started Egerton let drop, though occasionally he seemed to spur himself to talk. It appeared to Standish the longest meal of which he had ever partaken. The waiter had placed the dessert before them when a telegram was handed to Standish, who, glancing over the lines, of which there were several, exclaimed with some excitement, "By Heaven! we may get a clue at last! It from Eastport. 'Some important evidence offered by a newly arrived sailor. Come if possible.'"

(To be continued.)

How the Paris Editor Does It.

In Paris a young poet approached the table of a very much occupied editor, and said: "I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but here are a few verses which I——" "Very good, please to place them in the waste paper basket yourself, I am so busy!" replied the editor, without casting a glance at the poet.

He Was Willing to Risk All the Calamities.

The sun was merrilessly hot. A traveler over a dusty road in Missouri saw an old negro sitting on a log, where the sun shone hot enough to bake a hoe cake. "Look here, why don't you get in the shade?" the traveler asked.

The old fellow slowly turned his head, raked a stream of perspiration from his brow and answered: "Cause I don't set yere in de sun, sah. I libed in dat cabin way off yonder in dat ole fiel' las' winter, an' it 'peared like de win' jes' whistle an' howl an' yer mighty pleasant in de cabin

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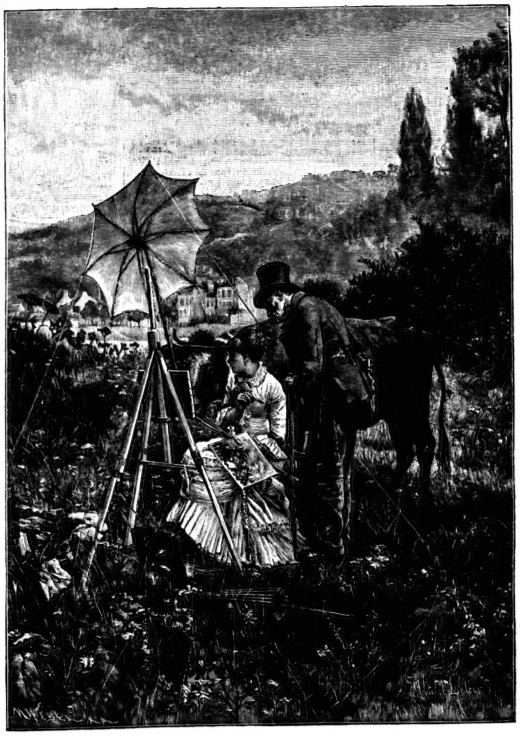

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

McLean, J. Laidlaw, Paul Campbell, Angus McMurchy, R. Patton, sen., R. Patton, jun., Alexander Leslie, Dr. Strange, Dr. Temple, Dr. Scadding, and the employes of the Davidson & Hay warehouse.

•

The At Home of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association last Saturday evening was a delightful one, as the weather, so often ungracious, was quite in harmony with the plans for this especial evening. A musical programme was followed by dancing, which was generally remarked to be entered into with almost the zest of winter. Among those present were Mrs. and Miss Francis, Mr. Harry Alley, Mr. H. Way, Miss Way, Miss Parsons, Mr. Leonard W. Murray, Mr. W. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hanson, Mr. A. Hector, Mr. and Mrs. Swift, Miss Hoskins, Mr. C. S. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Muldrew, Mrs. Hawke, Miss Hattie Scott, Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. C. Godfrey, Miss Arthur, Miss Mills, Mrs. Wray, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Whitten, Mr. Halle, Mr. Andrew Macpherson, Mrs. Argle and Mr. Argle, jr., Miss Langstaff, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron.

•

Prince George, who commands the gunboat Thrush, did not go to Newport, which arrangement, however disappointing to the general social life there, was much of a pleasure to the citizens of Halifax. Prince George is said to rather dislike great receptions, and is, moreover, as completely under his admiral's orders as any of the other officers in the fleet.

•

Miss Ethel Stewart, Mrs. and Miss McKinnon, and Messrs. J. A. Turner, G. S. Glasco and M. H. Leggatt are among those Hamiltonians who spent some time at Beaumaris, Muskoka.

•

Dr. Frank Stowe leaves town to-day for a fortnight's stay at his summer residence.

•

The annual excursion of the St. George's Society took place last Wednesday to Victoria Park. The weather was anything but favorable but in spite of this a most enjoyable day was spent by the followers of England's patron saint. All the old English sports were indulged in, causing unbounded delight amongst old and young. Valuable prizes rewarded all the successful contestants, and a pleasant trip home on the Steinhoff brought to a close a most delightful day. Among those present were President D. Plews, Past Presidents Virtue, Spooner and Stockwell, and many other prominent members of the society.

•

Mr. G. J. Bennett and family of Melbourne avenue are at Brighton Beach, L. I.

•

The annual excursion of the students of Toronto Business College took place on Wednesday to Long Branch. A programme of sports, music, etc., filled in a very pleasant afternoon.

•

Lady Dunlo.

The above sketch is an excellent likeness of Belle Bilton, a London music hall artiste, who about a year ago married Viscount Dunlo, the eldest son of Lord Clancarty, and who figured this week in one of the most sensational divorce cases of the season. At the time of the marriage there were rumors that it had been brought about by the threat of an action for breach of promise. The recent action was therefore not surprising. Sympathy and the evidence were on the side of the lady, however, and the jury returned a verdict for the fair defendant with costs against the Viscount.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Among the most interesting events of the summer season was the marriage a few days ago of Mr. Robert P. King of the House of Commons, son of Mr. W. F. King, to Miss Edith Pennoch, daughter of Mr. J. T. Pennoch of Daly avenue. The ceremony took place in the Eastern Methodist church, the Rev. W. Timberlake officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Florence Atkinson of Gananoque and Miss May Pennoch, while Mr. A. W. Pennoch acted as best man. The bride was becomingly attired in white satin, the bridal veil being fastened by a splendid diamond pin, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were dressed in white and cream colored surah silk and wore pearl pins also the gifts of the groom. The sacred edifice was filled with friends who afterwards partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's father. Among the numerous elegant presents was noticed an artistic ormulu clock, the gift of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, and a huge silver piece lamp from the choir of the E. M. church. The happy couple left in the afternoon for the Thousand Islands to spend the honeymoon.

On the occasion of his induction to the position of organist of St Alban's church this week Mr. H. Collyer Grounds gave a short recital that was much appreciated by the lovers of music present. Mr. Grounds gave a melody in F by Rubenstein, a barcarole by Sterndale Bennett and Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer. His rendering of this short programme proved eminently satisfactory, his shading being excellent, and the execution, both manual and pedal, all that could be desired. It is evident that Mr. Grounds will be an acquisition to Ottawa musical circles.

Mr. Edward Miles has acquired by purchase that old hunter's paradise, known as Hunter's Lodge, on Sandy Bay, in the township of Torbolton. This charming place extends for 1½ miles in length by 130 acres in depth, and gives extensive and exclusive rights of fishing, besides teeming with duck and wild fowl and being the home of the deer. The lodge, a goodly log house, was built by the late Mr. John G. Street, one of the past generation of sportsmen.

Mr. C. C. Billings, for the past few years, teller of the Ontario Bank, has left the city to occupy a similar position in the head office at Toronto. Mr. E. J. Glenny of the Toronto Institution has succeeded him.

Mr. John Lemoine of the Department of Justice and Mr. S. S. Thorne of the Postoffice Department left this week for a three weeks' camping out on one of the Thousand Islands opposite Gananoque. Judging from the amount of tackle they took with them, their friends expect to hear some tall fish stories on their return.

Mr. T. Caldwell, formerly of the capital and late of the Casino Opera Company of New York, is in the city on a visit. Mr. Caldwell has made a decided success on the operatic stage and has a brilliant future before him. He leaves next week to rejoin the Casino company and will open in Boston on August 15.

Mr. Andrew Jones of the Royal Boat House has purchased for his steam yacht, the Bertie Jones, a complete set of navy signal flags, forty-seven in all. The Bertie had her full dress on for the first time last Sunday and was much admired by visitors.

Mr. John Manuel has returned to the city from a fishing excursion to Godbout River, below Tadousac. His party, during their four weeks' absence, caught 504 salmon and a number of black fish. The salmon averaged 10½ pounds, the largest being 28 pounds.

Hons. John Carling, Mackenzie Bowell and C. H. Tupper made a trip to the Experimental Farm this week, on board the Government tug Shanly. The farm was critically examined, and a pleasant day spent.

Mr. J. H. Gordon, accompanied by Mrs. Mutchmor and Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mutchmor of Philadelphia left on Wednesday for the Six Posts on the Gatineau for a fishing excursion.

Messrs. R. J. Blackburn and J. I. McCraken left this week for the Pacific coast on a holiday jaunt.

Mrs. Thomas McKay, Mr. Macey McKay and Mr. William McKay have gone on a trip to Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. D. Murphy and family and Mrs. S. Maynard Rogers also left this week for the same popular resort.

Mr. S. Moore of Toronto is visiting his brother, Rev. Dr. Moore, pastor of the Bank street Presbyterian church.

Mr. A. H. Carter of the Union Bank is laid up with typhoid fever at the Convalescent Home.

Rev. F. W. Farries of Knox church leaves very shortly for Ocean Grove, New Jersey, on a vacation.

Mr. W. D. Harris, chief engineer of the Gatineau Valley Railway, and family, have departed on a holiday trip down the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. N. Marks and Miss Ida Marks have joined the crowd of pleasure seekers at Old Orchard beach.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Ryerson and child left on Wednesday for Morrisburg to rusticate for a few weeks.

Mr. Charles Magee, president of the Central Canada fair, has arrived home from England.

Hon. Edgar Dewdney is expected to return from British Columbia about the middle of August.

Mr. William Smith, deputy minister of marine, is now in the Tyrol on his way to witness the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau.

Mr. Herbert S. Perley has returned from Brockville, whither he went by horse and buggy last Tuesday. He made the distance, 175 miles, there and back, in three days, or 58 miles a day.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Niagara is famous for many things—for the clouds of dust that drift unheeded and unhindered in their unlovely denseness down the wide, unwatered streets—for the many spots of historical interest which the patient residents never weary in pointing out to lank, hungry-eyed reporters and reconnoitring magazine writers—for the noted composers of prose and poetry whose pretty little picturesque cottages or more pretentious homes are gazed at so reverently and curiously by unknown worshippers and admiring friends—but nothing is it more famous than for the lovely, childish faces so frequently to be seen upon the tree-shadowed old streets, or in the dainty drawing rooms of the more wealthy villagers. Some whose names would not interest the great world of fashion with their brown, bare feet, their soft dreamy eyes and tangled masses of golden curls might well form subjects which many a great artist would delight in, but fortune has left them little unknown atoms in a world where their only dower may one day make them vain, conscious maidens or idle, wood-for-nothing men living contentedly on the shallow homage a capricious world never fails to lay before outward beauty of form and face. Not among the latter class, but among those whose names are well known in society's highest circles might be mentioned the three little fair haired boys of Mrs. A. M. Macrae who, during the past three or four summers which Mr. and Mrs. Macrae have spent in the old town, have been the pride and admiration of the townspeople and strangers who, in passing, frequently stop to inquire the names of the little golden-haired fellows, whose sweet English voices attract the attention of those accustomed to the less musical Canadian accent. Conspicuous among those whom the town may claim as residents may be noticed the fair, handsome little five-year-old son of Mrs. J. C. Garrett, whose droll, childish wit has caused many a hearty laugh; and his dark-eyed, gypsy-faced sister, each in appearance such a striking contrast to the other. Of the birds of passage—here for the pleasant summer months and away with the first cold breath of autumn—two have been too generally remarked and admired to be left unmentioned. One is the four-year-old son (Norman) of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd of Toronto, whose handsome, sweet little face and winning ways have won him the genuine love and admiration of all who have seen him; and the other is Alma, lovingly called Fluffy, the youngest daughter of Mr. Anson Campbell of Montreal, a child of a very unusual type of beauty, whose indescribable sweetness of expression is only one of the many charms of her really beautiful face. For many years Mrs. Campbell has spent a few weeks in town each summer, accompanied upon the last two or three occasions by her fair-faced little girl.

The hop at the Queen's last Saturday was a grand success, numbers coming down especially to attend from Niagara Falls, Buffalo, St. Catharines, Grimsby and across from Toronto. The music was unusually good and some of the dresses the prettiest seen this season. Some of the many who crowded the long ball-room were Mrs. Livingstone Lansing, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Lansing Burnett, Mr. Frank and Miss M. Brown of Buffalo, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. McPike, Miss Eccles, Mr. Jukes, Miss M. Burchall, Mr. Biggs, Miss Madeline Spratt, Mr. Hugh Watt, Miss Roberts of Washington, Miss Nelles, Miss Aggie and Mr. Steven Nelles of Grimsby, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss B. Pollard, Mr. Forbes and Miss Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mr. George E. Macrae, Miss Cameron, Mr. Craig, Mr. and Miss Hill of Niagara Falls, Mr. Melfort Boulton, Miss Bunting, Miss Strathy, Miss Bertha Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Miss Hayes, Miss Geale, Mr. Douglas Palmer of Niagara Falls, Mr. Sidney Small, Mrs. F. Morson, Miss Elliott, Miss Hilda Herchmer, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. Ernest Hall, Miss Milloy, Capt. Milloy, Mr. Colin Milloy, Miss Harte, Mr. Burrett of Niagara Falls. Quite a number of yachtsmen were also present. A few of the dresses I noticed were: Miss Strathy's black, with very handsome sash and ribbons of salmon pink; Miss Madeleine Spratt's, a very pretty gown of light brown, embroidered in silk of the same shade with an enormous bouquet of sweet peas which she carried; Mrs. Livingstone Lansing's was a very handsome dress of black net, her niece, Miss Burnett, was also in black; Miss Burchall's was a remarkably pretty costume of mauve and white; Miss Brown's, one of the most strikingly beautiful dresses in the room, was of white tulle over white silk; Miss B. Paffard's, cream cashmere with natural flowers; Miss Bunting was in blue of a most exquisite shade; Miss Geddes, in white, the prevailing choice of the evening; Miss Herchmer, white cashmere; Miss Hayes, white cashmere; Miss Aggie Nelles, crushed strawberry; Miss Campbell, white muslin with wide yellow sash; Miss Milloy, white cashmere with loose full sleeves, ribbons and sash of yellow.

Mr. Arthur Paffard and Mr. Wilmot Strathy are among those who are spending their holidays in town.

Mrs. F. Geddes and her youngest daughter, Elsie, are spending a few days with relatives at Dundas.

Miss Nelles, Miss Aggie Nelles and Mr. Steven Nelles of Grimsby were the guests of Mrs. Robert Ball at her residence, Holmehurst, for a day or two last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson left for Galt last week, where he will spend a short time with his sister, Miss Dickson, at her delightful and picturesque residence, Kirk Michael, prior to his departure for England.

Miss Lord, of the sisterhood of St. John the Divine, Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stewart Strathy.

Miss Mabel Ince has returned from Peterboro', where she has been for the last two or three weeks.

Among those registered at the Queen's last Sunday were Mr. Pauw, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Melfort Boulton, Mr. G. E. Macrae, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Craig and Mr. F. Brown.

Miss Harte of Toronto spent last Sunday with Miss Strathy at Willow Cottage.

Mr. E. W. Edwards was in town last Sunday, having taken a run across the lake in the yacht Vera. The yacht Condor was also in on Saturday evening, some of those who crossed on her availing themselves of the opportunity to attend the dance at the Queen's Royal.

The concert at the Chautauqua amphitheater last Saturday was a most perfect success. Miss McGillivray, one of the chief attractions of the evening—and most deservedly so—was most warmly welcomed, while Mr. Ramsay may almost be said to have excelled himself. His comic songs, sung in character, elicited most hearty bursts of laughter and upon each occasion he was most enthusiastically received by the very large audience present. Mrs. Murray Dickson and others also helped to make the evening a most enjoyable one. The orchestra, a remarkably good one, under the direction of Mr. Depew, was not one of the least attractions of the evening. Mr. Depew proves himself a most capable leader.

Rev. Dr. Searles, for sixteen years chaplain of the Auburn State Prison, delivered a most interesting lecture Monday evening last on A Voice from the Prison. Only about a hundred and fifty assembled in the amphitheater, but those who were there proved a most attentive and appreciative audience, while those who were absent missed hearing a lecturer well qualified to speak upon the subject.

Decidedly the handsomest young Englishman the Niagarenes have seen for some time has, during the past few weeks, been a constant visitor at the Chautauqua.

Mrs. H. Willson of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Chittenden, at her very pretty little home on the banks of the Niagara river. GALATEA.

BARRIE.

Quite a charming evening was spent at Bellevue on Thursday, July 24, it being the occasion of an impromptu dance given by Mrs. Jonathan Henderson. The residence presented quite a pretty scene, being well lighted and showing to advantage many bright faces in the merry throng of guests who gracefully glided through the dances. The music was very good, and it was not until the small hours that adieus were said to the kind hostess. Those present were Mrs. Radenhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. Hanbidge of Ogdensburg, Mr. and Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. Bosworth of California, Miss Reiner, Mr. Chapman, Mr. George Esten, the Misses Mason, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Barr, Mr. F. H. Lauder of Cobourg, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. Saunders, Mr. H. Beard, the Misses Mickle of Toronto, Mr. F. and the Misses Stevenson, Miss Henderson of Montreal, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Fred Crease, Miss Milliner of Toronto, Miss F. Morris of Perth, Mr. Muncaster, Miss N. Thomson, Mr. A. and Miss Sanders, Miss Holmes, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss Crawford of St. Louis, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. Young of Toronto, Mr. A. Dymond, Dr. H. Arnall, Mr. Meeking, Mr. Bickle, Mr. A. Dockray of Toronto and others.

Dr. Wells left last week for a trip to the Old Country.

An account will be given next week of a tennis tournament between Barrie and Orillia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan and party are camping at Sandy Cove, Lake Simcoe.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

STRAUSS IN CANADA.

The undersigned take pleasure in announcing that they have secured for Canada the famous Strauss Orchestra of Vienna. The performances will take place as follows:

OTTAWA—Tuesday Evening, September 16.
TORONTO—Wednesday Afternoon and Evening, Sept. 17, and Thursday Afternoon, Sept. 18.
HAMILTON—Thursday Evening, Sept. 18.
LONDON—Friday Evening, September 19.

Subscription lists are now open in each of the above cities at the warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's.

Subscribers will have first choice of seats. Railroad tickets will be sold to subscribers at one fare for the return journey. Intending subscribers can apply to any o the following gentlemen for further particulars: Montreal, Chas. G. Geddes, local manager Strauss Or. hestra, Montreal; Ottawa—Chas. G. Geddes, local manager Strauss Orchestra, Ottawa; Toronto—Percival T. Greene, local manager Strauss Orchestra, Toronto; Hamilton—Thomas Roche, local manager Strauss Orchestra, Hamilton; London, A. D. Holman, local manager Strauss Orchestra, London. Brochures will be mailed to any one applying for them. HUGH & ROBERT SKINNER, Hamilton, Ont.,
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Having on hand a large and varied stock of Imported Coats and Vests for Summer wear, and desirous of clearing them out I am offering them at greatly reduced prices. Also a special discount of ten per cent. on all custom work in the next thirty days.

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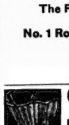

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We quote from our Price List some things wanted about this time of year: "Daisy Fly Killers," 17c., usually 25c.; Balloon Fly Traps, 14c., worth 25c.; Porcelain lined Iron Preserving Kettles, 4qt. 39c., 6qt. 59c., 8qt. 79c., 10qt. 84c. and 12qt. 98c. These are finest goods made. An assortment of Agate Ironware at closest wholesale prices: Steam Cookers, 98c., worth $1.75; Porridge Cookers in good variety at our popular prices. The best makes of Stoneware Butter Jars, 12½c. per gall. Wire Dish Covers (five in a set), per set, 44c. The best Gas Stove, 97c., worth $1.75. Oil Stoves, best New York make, 98c., $1.49 and $1.98, as to size. We are out of the 73c. Oil Stoves, but will have more soon. An assortment of good to fine Fans, will close at a loss or less than half usual price. See our bargain 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 7c. and 8c. and 9c. table through centre of store. We close at 6 o'clock p.m., except Saturday evenings we are open. Get our full Price List. Come and see us and you will be our customers.

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Where Roads Meet—a story	By E. E. Sheppard
With Victor Hugo	By Louis Frechette
Only a Younger Son	By Seranus
Story of a Skull	By Alex. F. Pirie
Tangles	By Frances Burton Clare
A Sermonette on Guests	By Louise Marksscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
In a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer	By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak	By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer	By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac	By Grace E. Denison
Crows	By Sophia B. Almon
Berrypicking Time	By Samuel Hunter

And other selections complete the contents of this finest holiday paper issued in Canada.

A TREMENDOUS

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NEXT WEEK

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182 Yonge Street

Imperative reductions of Stock quickly, means large reductions in price.

Unprecedented offerings next week in staple Household Linens and Staple Goods.

Unbleached Table Linens 15c., 20c., 25c. yard, usually sold 20c. to 35c.

Cream Table Linens, 20c., 25c., 30c. yard, heavy make.

Bleached Damask Tablings, 35c., 40c., 50c., 60c. yard. Pure Irish Linen.

Turkey Tablings, 40c., 50c., 60c., regular price 60c. to 90c. yard.

Two yards wide heavy Grey Cotton Sheetings, regular price 25c. yard. We are clearing them at 20c.

Bleached Cotton Sheetings, plain and twilled, 2, 2¼ and 2½ yards wide, clearing at 25c., 30c. and 35c. yard, worth 30c. to 50c. yard.

Table Napkins from 35c. dozen.

About 75 dozen left of full bleached ¾ damask Napkins clearing at $1.75, regular price $2 50.

500 white Bed Spreads clearing at 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50 each. This is less than manufacturers' present prices.

Tremendous bargains in Lace Curtains, the balance of our stock clearing out at less than cost prices.

Lovely Nottingham Lace Curtains selling for $1, $1.50, $2 and $3.00; regular prices were $1.50 to $5 pair.

Sateens, Prints, Ginghams, Towels, Towelings, grey and white Cottons, Flannelettes, Shirtings, White Lawns, Check Muslins, etc., etc., all closing out at unprecedentedly low prices to clear.

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

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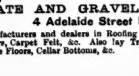

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MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
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IN STONE AND WOOD
36 Yonge Street Arcade

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Mr. F. H. Lauder of Cobourg spent a few days in town recently.

Mrs. H. H. Morris and her two little daughters are spending a few weeks in Muskoka.

Mr. W. Cotter has returned from his holiday trip.

An account of a military At Home at Lieut.-Col. O'Brien's, will be given in next week's issue.

Mr. Norman Thacker of Montreal was in town this week.

A pleasant picnic party of young people went to Big Bay Point by the yacht Sea Flower last Monday afternoon and made the return trip by moonlight. OCULAIRE.

PORT ELGIN.

The second annual assembly given by the citizens of Port Elgin was held in the Roller Rink on the evening of Tuesday, July 29. About a year ago a number of citizens conceived the idea of making the town attractive to tourists and others who were in the habit of visiting here during the summer months, and among other plans an assembly was decided upon. The success attending the inaugural one was so signal that it was taken as granted that another should be given the next season. Your readers may not be aware that for some years past Port Elgin has been growing in favor as a health and pleasure resort. The many places of natural beauty, the fine roads and driveways, and unsurpassed boating and bathing facilities, all combine to render it a most delightful place to come to, away from the din and heat of the cities and inland towns. But to return to the assembly. Energetic workers took the affair in hand, ably supported by the patronesses, Mesdames Ruby, Boyd, Dalrymple, Aylwin, Hilker and Gordon. Invitations were sent to Toronto, Hamilton, London, Guelph, Stratford, Owen Sound, Listowel, Kincardine, Walkerton, Southampton, Chesley, Paisley, Tara, Wiarton, Harriston, Palmerston and Wingham, in all about 400 were issued. The rink was beautifully decorated with bunting, festoons hanging from all parts of the building. The reception room was the center of attraction, the many choice articles and bric-a-brac being admired by all present. The music, which was furnished by the orchestra of the 32nd Batt. Band, under the leadership of Conductor Fisher, was first-class, reflecting credit upon the players and earning the thanks of the guests. Lunch was served in the rear part of the hall, the old custom of a set table having given place to the more sociable and agreeable way of having numbers of small tables scattered about, to which the guests sat down at any time during the evening as their inclination directed. All seemed pleased with the innovation. Fruits of the season were supplied in abundance and the ladies provided eatables.

The ladies' toilets were superb, far surpassing any that had ever been seen in the county of Bruce. Art seemed to have been carried to its utmost limit in the matter of the varied styles of the dresses worn. Where so many dresses were deserving of mention truly distinction would be invidious.

The committee were honored by the presence of a galaxy of artists in musical and art circles, whom Bruce county claims for its own, comprising Miss Marie Strong, Master George Fox, the young violinist, and Miss Lilly Evans, elocutionist. The programme was excellently suited to the tastes of all. The floor, a good, hard wood one, was the pink of perfection, and altogether the evening was one of unalloyed enjoyment. BRUCE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs and Miss Bason of Ottawa and Miss P. Bogart of Campbellford are visiting at Mrs. George Stewart's.

Miss Perry and nieces of 300 Sherbourne street, Toronto, have been the guests of Mrs. Alfred White, Commercial street, for the past two weeks.

Hon. J. McShane and Mrs. McShane are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warrington.

Mr. Robert Perry and Master Frank Perry of Toronto were in the city for a short visit last week, prior to leaving for an expedition to Hudson Bay.

Miss E. Biggar has returned from the Sandbanks, P. E. County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips entertained a few friends at Glanmore on Saturday evening, in honor of Hon. J. McShane and Mrs. McShane. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The guests present were: Hon. J. McShane, Mrs. McShane, Henry Corby, M.P., and Mrs. Corby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. J. Warrington, Mrs. Iles, Miss Edith Terrill, Mrs. George Stewart, Mrs. Bacon, Mr. Murray and Captain Filliter.

Dr. Crozier, an old and esteemed citizen, lies in a very critical condition at his home on William street. Mr. J. Crozier of Toronto and Major Crozier of Oklahoma have been summoned home.

Capt. Clavell Filliter, late of H. M. 16th Bedfordshire regiment, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. Henry Filliter, left this week for the English settlement at Harper, Kansas.

Mrs. W. Northrup gave a "not out" party at Offendene on Wednesday evening for her sister, Miss Stella Proctor of Brighton, who is her guest.

The young bachelors chartered the steamer Nellie Cuthbert on Tuesday evening and invited their young lady friends to a trip down the bay and a dance at Massasaga Park. Mrs. George Stewart and Mrs. Bacon chaperoned the party. It was a most enjoyable outing in the moonlight.

She Couldn't Carry Out the Programme.

"Eva," he said softly as he strolled through the park, "let me call you Eve. It will make this place seem more like the Garden of Eden."

"Certainly, George," replied the bewitching maid, "but I can't call you Adam. You—you are not my first man, you know. Not by several, George."

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyrian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

Manitou Resort, Lake Nipissing.

These islands, unequalled for their picturesque beauty and the fine bass fishing around them, are now thrown open to the public. Beautiful camp sites are free to parties preferring to camp. A private steam yacht runs twice daily to North Bay, five miles distant. The finest bathing beach in Canada extends for a quarter of a mile in front of house and camping grove. An excursion leaves Toronto on July 31, for North Bay. For further particulars write to Manager "Manitou," North Bay P. O.

Excursion to Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., only $4 00 round trip.

On August 8 is the time for one and all to take advantage of the cheapest excursion of the season. Just imagine, you can travel for the round trip—360 miles—and it only costs four dollars round trip from Toronto to Chautauqua Lake. You can leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the palace steamer Empress of India; the Erie Railway run their cars down to Port Dalhousie to meet the Empress and will also land their passengers right at Chautauqua Lake. As nearly every person has read about Ben Hur it is quite natural that they would like to see it put on the boards, and Mr. Sharp has so arranged his excursion that every person who takes advantage of it can see this great play on August 9 at 2.30 p.m.

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Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 603 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DONALDSON—At Toronto, on July 28, Mrs. J. G. Donaldson—a daughter.

GRAND—At Balmy Beach, on July 19, Mrs. W. D. Grand—a son.

SCOTT—At Inglewood, on July 24, Mrs. Joseph M. Scott—a son.

ANDREWS—At Allandale, on July 25, Mrs. W. W. Andrews—a daughter.

BLAKE—At Toronto, on July 19, Mrs. W. E. Blake—a daughter.

DANIEL—At Princeton, on July 25, Mrs. F. J. Daniel—a son.

MACWHIRTER—At Woodstock, on July 25, Mrs. James MacWhirter—a son.

PRIMROSE—At Toronto, on July 26, Mrs. Alex. Primrose—a daughter.

STONE—At Toronto, on July 25, Mrs. Charles E. Stone—a daughter.

TAMBLING—At Toronto, on July 23, Mrs. George Tambling—a son.

ALLEN—At Millbrook, on July 25, Mrs. Wm. Cartwright Allen—a son.

ABBOTT—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. Arthur W. Abbott—a daughter.

WARWICK—At Toronto, on July 26, Mrs. John Warwick—a son.

BARNUM—At Parkhill, on July 28, Mrs. J. L. Barnum—a son.

Marriages.

LOGIE—URQUHART—At Toronto, on July 25, James Logie of Elgin, Scotland, to Maggie Urquhart of Ferrintosh, Rosshire.

LANGMUIR—BUTLER—At London, England, on July 16, John Alexander Langmuir of Niagara Falls to Nora Butler, late of Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALL—SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, on July 23, Robert J Hall to Isabel E. Sutherland.

GAMSBY—ESSON—At Portsmouth, Ont., on July 28, Guy Aylwin Gamsby of Gananoque to Helen Campbell Esson of Napanee.

BARNHART—MASON—At Potsdam, N. Y., on July 15, Harvey F. Barnhart of Potsdam to Mrs. Annie S. Mason of Toronto.

BROWN—HANBIDGE—At Toronto, on July 30, Arthur D. Brown to Sadie Hanbidge.

Deaths.

BAXTER—At Toronto, on July 30, John Gordon Baxter, aged 10 years.

BILLETT—At Kingsholm, England, on July 14, James Kingdom Billett, aged 64 years.

CHISHOLM—At Grimsby, on July 30, Mrs. James Chisholm, aged 24 years.

WHITE—At Penetanguishene, on July 30, Mrs. J. M. Whitlaw, aged 26 years.

GALVIN—At Toronto, on July 29, William Galvin, aged 74 years.

SMITH—At Wybridge, on July 28, Nellie Wilson Smith, aged 31 years.

GREEN—At Edinburgh, Scotland, Edward B. Green, late of Toronto.

REID—At Toronto, Mrs. Isabella Reid, of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 83 years.

SCRACE—At East York, on July 27, Henry Paul Scarce, aged 17 years.

CULLEN—At Toronto, Martin Cullen, aged 41 years.

ROSS—At Toronto, on July 26, infant daughter of Blanche and D. George Ross.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. Mary Prosser Armstrong, aged 45 years.

GALVIN—At Toronto, on July 29, William Galvin, aged 74 years.

RUSSELL—At Durham, on July 15, Mrs. George Russell, aged 49 years.

MARLATT—At Burlington, on July 28, Ina Clare Marlatt.

TAYLOR—At Clarkson, on July 29, William Taylor, late of Toronto, aged 79 years.

McCAUSLAND—At Lorne Park, on July 27, youngest child of Robert and Maud McCausland, aged 8 months.

ROWSELL—At Toronto, on July 28, Henry Rowsell, aged 83 years.

SHAVER—At Toronto, on July 25, Minnie Shaver, aged 26 years.

MERRETT—At Toronto, on July 29, Edwin James Merrett, aged 21 years.

DENTON—At Brockville, on July 29, youngest daughter of Col. George T. Denison, of Toronto, aged 1 year.

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